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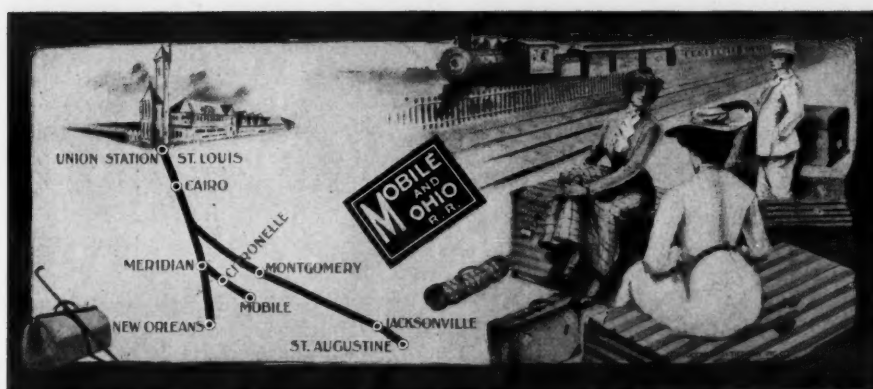


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Mr. Folk and His Fight on His Party

By William Marion Reedy

MR FOLK'S charge that Governor Dockery asked him to hold back a trial of Ed. Butler so that Butler might be kept in line for party service is false on its face. That's a thing that Governor Dockery, the most cautious of men, would not whisper to himself in a dark room with the doors locked and the windows barred. It is so at war with the Dockery character as to have been scarcely worthy of denial.

The clamor against the police for their part in the St. Louis primary continues. The Grand Jury has indicted a number of policemen. This prevents the Police Board from trying them. If the Board tried them first and found them guilty, it would be unjust as tending to prejudice their cases in the court. If the Board tried the men and acquitted them it would be said that the Board so acted in order to help the men in the cases brought against them by the State. But the indictments serve the purposes of the Folkies. They take the indictments to be equivalent to convictions, and so exploit them. The fact is, the men are innocent until proved guilty. They have not been heard in their own defence. Sensible people will await the facts.

Charges of lawlessness are still made recklessly. Mr. Sterling P. Bond makes sweeping accusations against the police, but he doesn't put his charges in proper form to be acted upon by the police authorities, so that the authorities can summon anyone in particular to trial. Mr. Bond is a chronic kicker. He led, or helped lead, the Meriwether bolt against Edwin Harrison in 1897. He is a professional fulminator, agitator, political insurgent, an excitable person whose extreme language means nothing to those who know him. Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell has made desperate charges. Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell is a pulpitering sensationalist who has written a nasty book, "Brimstone Bargains," which the *Globe-Democrat* pronounces indefensible. His political charges are of a kind with his social denunciations and his orgasmic exaggerations upon sexuality. He writes like a phallic worshiper, and his political palaverings are frenetic and unspecific and hysterical. His testimony isn't worth anything on any subject. Rev. Dr. Holland has talked about bathing the streets in blood. That's anarchy. Dr. Holland says that he went to the polls and then left, feeling that there would be bloodshed. That's all on that point. Further, he saw Mr. Hawes at the polls, and Mr. Hawes wasn't as handsome as Dr. Holland heard he was. Further, Dr. Holland lays great stress on the fact that he is an ex-Confederate. That's bait. It's a play to the rural "rebel vote." It's snide politics, and unworthy a preacher. Dr. Holland's whole screed is so marked by extravagant and generalized assertion that it is beneath notice, except as marking the lapse of a once clear mind into mere frenzy. Dr. Holland is at his mental worst in his utterances on the recent primary. Take the mere wind of passion out of his now famous letter to the *Globe-Democrat*, and there's not a thing that can be laid hold upon to prove a conspiracy of the police to protect lawlessness. Another heavy wit-

ness against the police is an ex-convict with a record as long as an opium dream.

No one denies that there were "scraps" at one precinct out of fifty-six in St. Louis at the primary. But the doings of one precinct, at their worst, don't do away with the fact that the primary at every other precinct was the quietest ever held in St. Louis. There is talk of Indians. I say that there was no use for Indians. There was no necessity for Indians. Why? Because there was no vote for Folk. In all the city only 2,801 people voted for Folk. In all the city there was trouble at only one voting place. The people who support Folk with their mouths didn't go to the polls. This being the case, how absurd it is that the Folk shriekers should try to protest the primaries on the strength of rows in one precinct. If all that the Folk shouters claim about one ward be true, it remains, nevertheless, indisputable, that in the whole City of St. Louis, at this primary, Mr. Folk received only 2,801 votes as against more than 13,000 for Mr. Hawes. Mr. Folk lost the primary because he didn't have the votes in any ward, not because there were rows in one polling place.

Mr. Folk last Saturday carried six counties. They had been conceded to him long beforehand. They were not systematically contested either by Mr. Reed or Mr. Hawes. Mr. Folk carried them solely on the strength of his cry that he was defrauded of the St. Louis vote by Butler "Indians," and that he was being fought by boodlers. There is no doubt that the misrepresentations about the St. Louis primary have told for Mr. Folk in the country. There is no doubt that the press has done him valuable service by its highly colored accounts of conditions in this city. The papers have published nothing that was not distorted in Mr. Folk's favor, and the denials of the opposition are hidden away in obscure corners of the inside pages so that they never catch up with the original lies.

There's no disputing the fact that Mr. Folk is running well on the strength of the misrepresentation of conditions. The country is aroused on the theory that St. Louis is run by thugs in the pay of boodlers, and that such an influence is alone opposing Mr. Folk. There are only 2,801 decent people in St. Louis—the number that voted for Folk. All over the State the Folk support is recruited strongly among the church people who believe the stories they read about St. Louis. These good people are fed on doctored news. With them, strangely enough, in each county are all the men who are characterized as false alarms, all the men who have been looking for office for years and failing to get it, all the political soreheads, all the prohibitionists, all the fellows who are always "going off at half-cock," all the men who have once been "in" and are now "out" and discredited. This is not to say that there are not many good people supporting Mr. Folk, but they are doing so chiefly on the theory that his opponents, Mr. Reed and Mr. Hawes, are boodlers, when, in fact, both Mr. Reed and Mr. Hawes are as clean as Mr. Folk, and have positive records of antagonism to corruption and corruptionists. Neither Hawes nor Reed has been smirched in the faintest de-



## The Mirror

grea by all the Folk revelations of boodling in St. Louis, or by the Crow revelations of boodling in Jefferson City. The people of the country have never been permitted to learn, for instance, that in St. Louis Ed. Butler hates Hawes as bitterly as he does Folk, or that the main opposition to Reed in Kansas City is the opposition of crooks and practical politicians of the most knavish sort. The Democrats of the country don't know that the fight for Mr. Folk is a fight mainly conducted by the Republican press, and that Mr. Folk is using Republican ammunition when he makes war on the administration. The *Republic* and the *Kansas City Star*, nominally Democratic papers, are helping Folk; the former because it doesn't like Hawes, the latter because it hates Reed. Both are actuated in their course, presumably, by dissatisfaction that Hawes in St. Louis and Reed in Kansas City have not consulted the interests and wishes of the proprietors of these publications. There is no doubt that good people support Mr. Folk chiefly because they think he represents the reform idea, but if those persons so believing, were to analyze the character of some of his strongest supporters among practical politicians, they would see their mistake. Ex-Governor Crittenden, of the branded brow, ex-Governor Lon V. Stephens, Col. Bill Phelps, Missouri Pacific lobbyist; John H. Carroll, Burlington lobbyist; Congressman Vandiver of the franked "pants;" John B. O'Meara, Jim Carlisle and Hugh Brady in St. Louis—these are all Folk men. If they are reformers they have not yet begun reforming themselves.

Governor Dockery's counterblast against Mr. Folk is having some weight. The Governor's statements go far to discredit Mr. Folk's Democracy with the old-timers in the party. The Governor's utterances show that he regards Folk as fighting for supremacy in the party by discrediting the party. With Mr. Folk openly fighting the administration, the party loyalists are aroused against him; but it must be remembered that when the head of the administration comes out openly against Folk, that act only rallies to Folk every force in the State antipathetic to the administration. Governor Dockery may line up the country crowd against Folk, but when that crowd is lined up it follows that the "antis" in each county are lined up, too. So that Governor Dockery, if he hurts Folk in one way, helps him, unintentionally, in another. The issue is made clear—Mr. Folk against the administration. The question is whether Mr. Folk will be strong enough, with the accumulated dissatisfaction of almost fifteen years at his back, to defeat the administration. Time alone will tell. Mr. Folk has a tremendous advantage in the advertising he has had in every paper in the State, in every publication in the land. He has a great "push" behind him in the power of the preachers and the approval of church organizations. He has a strong backing in the disgruntled politicians of every county in the State, and in support of all the ambitious men in those counties who hope to become parts of a new machine through the success of this movement against the old machine. The Republican papers are a great help, since their attitude indicates a great Republican following in the event of Mr. Folk's nomination. The State Democratic machine has done nothing against Folk. It was afraid to move. Its members have been non-committal. Now that Governor Dockery has "got mad," the machine may arouse itself, but it's a question whether it is not too late. The Folk managers have the county machines well scared with threats of local opposition. It is a question now whether Governor Dockery's coming out in defense of himself is in time to rally the believers in the party as a party against one who fights in the party with all the weapons of the Republicans. Governor Dockery's

outburst of justifiable personal indignation over misrepresentation means simply that in his opinion the fight is not one over the nomination of one man or another, but that Mr. Folk's campaign is an attack upon party management and party integrity. Will the Democrats see that Mr. Folk is fighting his party when he accuses Governor Dockery of incompetency, and of trying to help Boss Butler? Three months ago Governor Dockery's interviews would have smashed Folk's boom. To-day they are powerful, but there is reason for fearing that they are too late.

In brief, the question now comes down to one, whether the party will surrender to Mr. Folk or whether it will fight him to the hilt, even to the point of losing the State. Shall the party lay down and plead guilty to Folk's charges, or shall it defend itself and turn down Folk? If the party surrenders to Folk, all the leaders now will be nothing but camp-followers. Folk's success means a new deal. If the party beats Folk, can the party win in the face of the accusation of turning down the only man who ever successfully fought boodlers? The turning down of Folk will give the Republicans a big club. It will

turn against the party many fanatics formerly of the party. If Mr. Folk be nominated, he will be knifed. If he be not nominated the party will be knifed. Governor Dockery's declarations against Folk show that the party danger has stirred him out of his caution. Governor Dockery has spoken in defense of himself, primarily, but in effect, to stop a revolution in the party. Mr. Folk will rule the party, or he will ruin it. And every wise Republican in the State is helping Mr. Folk along. If the Democracy would save itself, it must rally to the defense of Governor Dockery. If the party believes in itself, it cannot stand for the nomination of Mr. Folk who has attacked its head and front. If it supports Mr. Folk it pleads guilty to his charges. The party is at its greatest crisis in Missouri in thirty years. Is it greater than one man, Mr. Folk? Must it accept him and his strictures upon its leaders, because it does not dare to defeat him? Evidently, Governor Dockery is of opinion that it were better to make war to a finish on Folk, even on the chance of losing the State, than to rest under the imputations which Folk has cast upon the party which he aspires to lead.

## REFLECTIONS

By William Marion Reedy

### *An Election Fraud Remedy.*

HERE and now there is much talk of election irregularities. At a primary of one of the great parties in a city of 700,000 people, only about 16,000 votes were cast. There were said to have been many illegal votes cast. What was the trouble? Simply that the people did not vote? When the people turn out and vote the "stuffers" disappear. The ballot fraud flourishes only when the people stay away from the polls, and thus permit their names to be voted by those who have an interest in so doing. What is the remedy? It is simple enough. Make voting compulsory. Fine the man who does not vote unless he have a valid excuse. There is no excuse but sickness or absence from home. Voting should be made a duty.



### *An Issue.*

THE Democrats are finding an issue for the coming national campaign in the President's recent general service pension order, as an usurpation of the legislative functions of government. But it must be confessed that the issue is not one which evokes enthusiasm. There is not much protest against anything that lets about 300,000 persons at the public moneys. There is reason to believe that the people are so money-mad that they favor anything which makes money-getting easy; and there is no easier money than government money. The *New York World* thunders powerfully against this pension grab, but the people seem to be apathetic on the subject. The party that for eight years favored the silver steal is not naturally wildly opposed to a wholesale pension steal. The issue is a good one, but it doesn't wake up the people, doesn't fire their hearts. It is lamentable that this is so, but it is so. The Republican party is not a bit worried over the Democratic fire drawn by the President's pension order. They know the sop is one that will put the people to sleep.



### *Throwing a Scare.*

WHAT silly fears are those now being raised that

the Northern Securities decision is to be made the excuse for a general attack upon the corporations and the business interests of the country tied up with the great corporations! The politicians, at least those in the Republican party, are not going further to harrass the elements whence comes the contributions to carry on campaigns. The Democratic party is so divided as between Mr. Bryan, his policies and supporters, and the reorganizers that it has no chance for success this year, according to present indications, and therefore the business interests need fear no attack from them. The reorganizers of Democracy will not make wild war on the trusts if they win. The Bryanites cannot win. There is no reason for the business interests to be afraid of Roosevelt. He may talk strongly about fighting the trusts, but he is a Republican before he is anything else, and Republicanism must take care of its own pets, the trusts. It is not good politics to throw a scare into the business interests now. There has been too much "scare" in business for about six or eight months. If in order for Democrats to win, it is necessary that hard times should be made harder, no thinking person will want the Democrats to win. It is madness to believe that the country's hard luck can be the permanent good luck of any party.



### *Sage in Trouble.*

RUSSELL SAGE, the well-known Wall street octogenarian and philanthropist, has been sued by one of his erstwhile customers for twenty-five thousand dollars' damages. The legal action is based on the queer charge that the old dealer in "puts" and "calls" was not quick enough in executing the order given him by the plaintiff on the day of the great panic in May, 1901. Sage declares he did the best he could. Who would doubt this? Sage has always done the best and squarest thing—for himself. Besides, who would expect an ascetic financier, of more than the Biblical three score years and ten, to win fortunes for his customers on a day when pandemonium reigned supreme on the stock exchange, and many a trader



didn't know whether he was buying or selling? All feeling people will sympathize with the kind, hard-working man of eighty million dollars who asked his nephew to execute a mortgage on his little house as security against a loan of seventy-five dollars. How heartless and grasping some of these speculators are who throng the offices of the venerable Sage!



## Taft's Philippine Plans.

MR. TAFT, the new Secretary of War, is taking deep interest in the development of the vast natural resources of the Philippine Islands. He has of late been sounding New York bankers in regard to the construction of railroads in the archipelago. It does not seem, however, that the times are propitious for such pioneering projects in trans-oceanic regions. New York financiers are not in a very accommodating mood. They see the investment markets glutted and monetary affairs disturbed over the Panama Canal payments, and prospective gold shipments to Europe. Mr. Taft's plans will have to be postponed. They may have better chances of a successful carrying out after the November elections.



## The Crush in Cotton.

SULLY, the genial cotton king, has been dethroned. He has failed for fifteen million dollars. He became the victim of his own gigantesque folly and egotism. Like "Joe" Leiter, he was buried under a veritable avalanche of offerings by traders who scented the approaching débâcle. His was a task which he should never have undertaken, which no man on earth, be he ever so audacious, ever so potent and resourceful, can undertake with the least hope of success. The cataclysmal failure should prove welcome news to cotton manufacturers at home and abroad. Sully's activity was about to grow calamitous. He had put the world's cotton markets out of joint by trying to nullify the workings of the iron law of supply and demand. Now that he has gone under, things should soon right themselves. There should be a livening up in cotton shipments abroad and a resumption of manufacturing in the Massachusetts and Lancashire districts upon the customary large scale. However viewed, Sully's downfall is nothing less than a blessing in disguise. Sully has gone the way of all his prototypes in the "cornering" of commodities. His was an evanescent fame. His sorry fate should prove a solemn warning to all who may have any idea of imitating his daring exploits. The financial effects of the failure will depend upon the actual extent to which banks in New York and New Orleans allowed themselves to become involved in the crazy gambling in cotton. The situation in New Orleans is considered precarious, but New York bankers will doubtless do their utmost to avert a ruinous panic.



## Automobile and Good Roads.

THE automobile, its owner and manufacturer come in for more than their share of criticism because an occasional reckless chauffeur runs somebody down, but no one seems to award them their just meed of praise for the good work they are accomplishing in behalf of good roads. It is probable that if it hadn't been for the automobile the good roads movement would never have reached the prominence and recognition it is now receiving. The auto car in all shapes has penetrated east, west, north and south, and wherever it has appeared, it has at once become an assertive, aggressive force in support of a system of better highways. The automobile manufacturer has joined in the crusade with the owners, and as the latter are generally men of influence and wealth, they have been able to push the project nearer a successful con-

clusion. In view of these facts, communities should exercise a little more leniency toward the auto car owners. The farmer especially should not be so hostile toward them. The more common the automobile becomes the better the country roads will be kept, and perhaps this policy might be applied in the large cities as well as in the rural districts.



## Catholic Church Politics.

THERE is no politician so astute as the ecclesiastical one when he sets forth to accomplish something. This fact is being exemplified in Europe to-day by the Catholic Church. It has lost its power, temporarily, at least, in France, but it does not whimper and lie idle, awaiting the return to its fold of the wayward nation. It has done the very thing France would not have it do for the world. It has curried favor through its ecclesiastical diplomats, with Germany, and now the Catholic party in the German empire's Reichstag appears to be the dominant one. It is the government's strong ally, and only recently, through its leaders, secured the repeal of the last remaining enactment hostile to the Catholic Church in Germany. No doubt France will be angry to see Catholicity restored to favor among the Republic's bitterest enemies. There is every reason to believe that this change of affairs in the German Empire will yet overthrow the ministry of Cobbes, the renegade priest.



## Portentous Strikes.

LABOR troubles are multiplying apace. News of strikes comes from everywhere. New York is in the throes of another tie-up in the building trades. Seventy-five thousand men are said to be involved. Considering the present unsettled state of affairs in all lines of trade and industry, the cause of the New York strike (employment of non-union men) is petty and foolish. Less than a year has elapsed since the adjustment of the last lock-out in the New York building trades. Recent triumphs have increased the arrogance of labor unions. More and more is intimidation becoming the principal argument *ad hominem* on the part of organized labor. Some signal exceptions only bring this into bolder relief. Labor unions are no doubt a necessary adjunct of economic conditions at the present day, and will remain so until that apparently Utopian time has set in when justice and reason shall alone determine the rights of workers and employers. But that time seems still far off. Its approach will be hastened only when both contending factions shall have realized their absolute interdependence. A continuance of prevailing conditions in the industrial world would prove intolerably costly and grievous. Recent building trades strikes in New York, Chicago and elsewhere have wrought incalculable loss and hardships. They have beyond question proved a potent factor in bringing about present unsatisfactory business conditions. The prevailing attitude of labor unionists makes for disquietude among far-seeing observers. It is no more in accord with true democratic ideals than is the monopolization of land, industry, transportation and capital. The rule of union labor partakes as much of the nature of a "benevolent feudalism" as does that of the Standard Oil Company or of syndicated cattle barons in Idaho. Undoubtedly the Federal Government will, sooner or later, be compelled to take more than a merely theoretic or passive interest in labor contests. The successful interference of President Roosevelt in the gigantic anthracite coal strike, two years ago, laid down a precedent that will eventually be clamantly appealed to as a certain means to safeguard the people's interests. Besides, it would seem that Congress has full power, under the "general

welfare" clause of the Federal Constitution, to legislate upon all matters pertaining to labor controversies, strikes and arbitration. Much as many of us may deplore it, economic in conjunction with political conditions are making for socialism in this country. What are our Federal pension, office patronage and civil service systems but palpably tentative steps towards the ideal State of Karl Marx! Union labor agitation will figure prominently, in the annals of future historians, as one of the epoch-making socio-political phenomena in the United States of the Twentieth century.



## Smaller Profits.

RECENT statements of railroad earnings have been anything but gratifying. High prices of labor and material are at last beginning to make telling inroads upon revenues. Some companies report net profits from operations barely half as large as those of a year ago. At the same time, extensive improvements and additions to equipment have made gaping holes in surpluses. In view of this, it is not surprising to read of managerial intentions to practice economy in operation wherever possible. For some years to come, the country's transportation companies have touched the zenith of prosperity. However, earnings still compare favorably with the record of three years ago. Taken all in all, the railroads may be said to continue in a state of unqualified prosperity.



## Liquor in the Park.

WAR upon the proposition to grant a saloon license for a restaurant privilege in Forest Park may or may not be justified. I personally don't see why there shouldn't be a saloon in the park outside the Exposition grounds, if there are to be liquor selling places in the Fair Grounds, which still remain part of the park. And if the privilege to sell liquor in the park is to be granted at all, I believe it should be given to the present concessionaire, who has had it for many years and has always conducted "The Cottage" in a manner which gave no scandal to the community. The Cottage has never been complained of as an evil resort. It has never been the scene of bad conduct. The people at large have enjoyed its hospitality without discovering anything objectionable about it. If the place is to be continued, it may as well be continued as of old, and to leave it in the same hands as of yore would be a guarantee of the respectability of the resort at all times.



## Restoring Forest Park.

THERE is much justice in the contention of President Francis that the Exposition has benefited Forest Park at least as much as it has harmed it. Sentimentalism aside, the features of the park that were removed to make way for the Fair were not wholly beautiful or useful. The wilderness was wildly pretty, but it was also unsanitary. The trees were fine, but they really kept the park out of use by the many. The wilderness was unapproachable save by the owners of horses and vehicles. The site now occupied by the Fair will be the more easily transformable into a beautiful park according to modern ideas of landscape gardening than it would have been if the wild parts had remained as they were. These facts should be considered in any discussion of the exaction of a bond from the Exposition for a restoration of the park. The Exposition has done a great deal for the city that we must consider as offsetting what the city has done for the Exposition. It certainly has done more for local values and interests than any restoration of the park may cost. The Exposition

should be required to do something for the restoration of the park, but the burden upon it must not be made too heavy. The Exposition is a big thing and the men in it are "big guns," but that does not justify the city in being overexact in this bond matter. The restoration of the park should not fall on the Fair management alone. The Fair management will surely have done something to be credited with as against the "destruction" of the park, in bringing the city before the world and the world to the city this year.



### *Walbridge and Francis.*

THE Republicans of the Nation have their eye upon Missouri, and don't forget it. They are considering whether the nomination of Cyrus P. Walbridge of this city might not be a good thing to do for the whole country and at the same time swing this State into the Republican column. And if Mr. Walbridge were the Republican nominee for Vice-President, might it not happen that the Democrats would find it necessary to save this important State to their party and at the same time effect a compromise as between East and West, North and South, Wall street and wild-eyed Populism, by nominating David R. Francis for President? Missouri and St. Louis are to be "in it big" in every way this year. Missouri is a doubtful State just now. The World's Fair makes the State even more important than it might be otherwise. The Democracy can't afford to lose Missouri. The Republicans would be greatly strengthened if they could win it. The State will be a battleground this year as never before and both parties may come here for men to make up their tickets.



### *Indians and The Republic.*

DID the St. Louis *Republic* have a word to say against the "Indians" when Colonel Ed Butler got \$15,000 to pay them for their services in stuffing through the adoption of the Charter Amendments? On the contrary, didn't the St. Louis *Republic* approve the civic spirit of "the boys" in the wards? There was more "Indian work" in any one ward at the Charter Amendment election than there was in all the twenty-eight wards in the primary at which Mr. Folk was defeated by Mr. Hawes.



### *Hearst No Joke.*

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST may have been a bad boy in his adolescence. He may be as unfit for the Presidency as some people say. But Mr. Hearst is the only out-and-out candidate of the Democracy for that high office. He is showing strength in strange places. Whatever may be his shortcomings, he is a hustler, and his positive, assertive candidacy is being helped by the shilly-shallying of the party as between other possibilities. Mr. Hearst may or may not be supported by Mr. Bryan; his candidacy has another meaning. The fact that he is a millionaire cannot alone account for his measure of success. It were idle to insist that the delegates he is gathering in are all bought with his money. The labor support is, in large measure, doubtless sincere, and, so far as it goes, may be taken as a sign that the Democrats will not be wholly wise if they depart too far from the tone and spirit of their last two platforms. Mr. Hearst's candidacy is a warning against the entertainment of any great hopes of success by the reorganizers in the event of capturing the National Convention. The radical element of the party is still active, and Mr. Hearst menaces the party because he seems to represent the ideals formerly represented by Eugene V. Debs. Mr. Hearst's show of strength is also an indication that the suspicion that Bryan is backing him is enough to make him a factor in spite of all the concentration

of attack upon Bryan in the great party organs. It is possible that Mr. Bryan may have enough strength in the convention, through Mr. Hearst's delegates, to enable the Nebraskan to assert himself strongly in the platform, even if he be not a candidate. The Hearst boom is not quite so ridiculous as it may have seemed two or three weeks ago, because it is the only boom that is actually in progress. Mr. Hearst, it is conceivable, might get a long lead in the race, solely by reason of the fact that no other candidate has yet been entered. In short, Mr. Hearst is ceasing to be a joke and is becoming dangerous to the party managers who don't fancy such a man as a candidate.



### *The Lady Managers.*

THE poor lady managers of the World's Fair! They are overworked in the matter of social duties. But are they overworked when it is considered that they have received over \$100,000 to work with? Social duties ought not to be too onerous on such a capital and with so much division of labor as is possible with such a large membership as that of the Board of Lady Managers. And by the way, isn't it about time that St. Louis should have some representation upon that board? St. Louis women should have some recognition in view of the fact that the women of the World's Fair city are at least as important factors in its greatness as are the men. There should be a St. Louis lady on the board. There are a dozen ladies in every way eligible to the honor and any one of them would fittingly represent the city

in a social way as well as in the matter of dealing with such affairs of business as may come before the board. If the Board of Lady Managers be maintained without a St. Louis lady member, it will be a distinct reflection upon all the ladies of the city. Mrs. President Francis and Mrs. Mayor Wells may do a great deal of work for the Fair in a high social way, but what is needed is a recognition of St. Louis ladies in an official way in connection with the general purport and significance of woman's influence in this country as embodied in the Board of Lady Managers.



### *Major General Wood.*

DOCTOR LEONARD WOOD is now a major general. He will shortly become the practical head of the army. The advancement of Wood has not been because of merit of service, but solely because President Roosevelt likes him. The promotion has been jammed through in spite of tradition, military precedent and scandal. It is as rank a case of favoritism as the army or the country has ever known. The President has bluffed the Senate into a confirmation of the appointment. In view of which fact the people are wondering what has become of that freedom of the Senate which justified the existence of the body as a check upon a too ambitious chief executive. And how queer it is that Civil Service Reformer Roosevelt should distinguish himself, above all things else, by being the first President thus signally to use the army as a means of taking care of a personal favorite!

## The Banking and Speculative Position in St. Louis

By Francis A. House

A PERIOD of comparative calm and reason has supervened in the financial district of St. Louis. No longer do we hear of the organization of new banks and trust companies every other day, of fakish industrial consolidations and flotations, of the springing up of multifarious and brazen swindling schemes in the shape of co-operative investment concerns. The promoting craze, which seemed irrepressible in its infectiousness some time ago, has been almost completely checked. The spick and span promoter, clad in a fashionable seventy-five dollar suit, and brimming over with deceitful advice and alertness, has disappeared and hied himself away elsewhere, in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." The economical workingman, the small merchant, the genteel clerk and the thrifty widow are no longer withdrawing deposits from the trust companies with the intention of putting the money into worthless shares or bonds and projects of grotesque absurdity.

For this radical change in local financial and speculative affairs every citizen who feels his broad bosom swell with civic pride has full reason to be thankful, particularly since this subsiding of the speculative or gambling mania synchronizes with the approach of a World's Fair that has drawn millions upon millions of dollars into the vaults of the city's financial institutions and induced any number of scheming, and, perhaps, not very scrupulous, individuals, to exercise their wits in the invention of projects aiming at the emptying of the people's pockets. There's no dearth of would-be promoters in St. Louis at the present time. As every well-informed man knows, the

town is full of this sort of bold sharpers. They are, however, unable to do much mischief, for the very good reason that the number of gullibles in St. Louis is not so large as it used to be.

The St. Louisan venturesome and inexperienced in speculation was given the hot end of the poker in so many instances since 1901 that he has grown timorous, if not really wise. No longer does he buy in purblind eagerness; no longer does he nibble at the tempting bait, be it proffered ever so closely to his nose. The St. Louis speculator has grown so suspicious, indeed, of any and every kind of experimental project that it will be, for some years to come, absolutely useless for promoters to renew tempting his susceptibilities.

It is no exaggeration to say that one of the most important causes of the tremendous financial losses incurred by St. Louisans during the speculative furore was the purchase, for either a pure gamble or outright investment, of overpriced bank and trust company shares. When the mania to organize trust companies was in the heyday of its contagious virulence, this class of stock was taken with seemingly unappeasable avidity. It looked, at one time, as if the shares could be sold at any old price, under any old conditions, if there were a trust company for every corner grocery in the city. There were underwriting syndicates galore; subscription rights commanded stiff premiums as soon as the ingenious opportunist promoters let it become known that the rights could be secured.

Numerous St. Louisans, of large and small means, bought bank and trust company issues, in prodigious amounts, at very top prices. This class of people should have known better, but they were carried off their feet by the tumultuous, fast and furious rise in



prices in Wall street. They were deluded by vague and various visions of a coming golden age for St. Louis as a result of the World's Fair. They were trapped by their lusty cupidity, raised to the highest pitch by fantastically transmogrified reports of the winning of great fortunes by dare-devil gamblers in stocks and commodities. When the inevitable reaction set in at last, these luckless purchasers were left high and dry; they were given no time to liquidate without a loss on their holdings. Prices receded steadily, persistently; there was no rebound of consequence, because the buying power had become exhausted. When it finally dawned upon the bewildered minds of the cohorts of dupes that they had bought at wildly inflated quotations, the tardily acquired knowledge proved of no practical use; the mischief had been done.

Insiders had been selling to outsiders at the very time when some half-baked sages of local finance stoutly affirmed that there was plenty of business in sight for all the newly created trust companies, and that no better use could possibly be made of idle funds than by investing them in the thousands of shares of new or additional stock pressing upon the market in rapidly enlarging volume. There can be no doubt but that in various conspicuous instances illegitimate means were employed for the purpose of facilitating the fooling of investors and the "unloading" of stock by prominent insiders. Most of the prospectuses issued in connection with the offering of subscription rights to the public contained the most specious and unwarrantable exaggerations. They abounded in predictions the questionable finesse and unreasonableness of which have since been only too clearly and startlingly demonstrated.

It was fake finance gone mad which entailed such big losses for many St. Louisans. Since the latter part of 1902 most local bank and trust company shares have depreciated to such an extent that it is logical to conclude that mighty few of the many rash purchasers at top-notch prices during the period of flush folly have been able to hang on to their holdings. One after the other has been compelled to let go at

ruinous prices. There have been some mysterious deaths in this city and vicinity in recent times; could the psychologic causes thereof possibly be sought in the injudicious buying of just this category of securities at the very time insiders were selling with ill-disguised, yet profitable alacrity?

The full truth, with all its details, will never be known. Perchance it will be just as well if it is not. The losses have been sustained; the mania has spent its force. Out of the evil wrought and concealed will flow good, inasmuch as it has, with drastic impact, brought home a warning that should not soon be forgotten.

At the present time, the banking and speculative situation in St. Louis courts the confidence of conservative people. Recent consolidations have solidified things by eliminating the weak and exhibiting the really robust members of the banking community. St. Louisans have reason to pride themselves upon the fact that no ill-consequences of truly calamitous scope and bearing followed upon the winding-up of the times of wild-cat financial promoting in their city. Most of the people who have been hurt will find it to their interest to keep silence. In the course of time they will find and utilize opportunities of recouping, if not all, then at least part of their losses. The banking situation in St. Louis, taken as a whole, is sound and safe, and in no wise calculated to excite suspicion and fear. The good, common sense of experienced and approved St. Louis financiers has regained the upper hand, and this should signalize a continuance of the burg's reputation for prudence and solidity. The eventual pricking of many dangerous bubbles, and readjustment of values and conditions in all branches of trade, sure to follow the World's Fair period, need not cause any apprehensions as to the effect that may be produced thereby upon the St. Louis financial institutions. The inevitable reaction is already being drawn into consideration. The needed precautionary measures are being adopted. The reaction will not come like a thief in the night. Among the banks and trust companies it will cause neither surprise nor disaster.

and his policy throughout the country will also help them in Missouri. It is stirring up defection which will soon be felt here as it is in other States where Bryan has a following. Another thing which has inspired Republicans with the idea that victory is within their reach is the heavy immigration that has been attracted to Missouri in the last four years. More than 30,000 new voters have come into the State in that period, and nearly all of them are Republicans. They have come from Republican States, like Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, and the party workers of Missouri have kept tab on their whereabouts. This vote alone, they figure, would be sufficient to turn the tide in their favor in the State, but they base their greatest hopes upon a united Republican party and a Democratic split. Their party never has been in better shape. The three leading Republican organs, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Kansas City Journal* and E. E. E. McJimsey's *St. Joseph Gazette* have done much to effect a reconciliation among the dissatisfied elements and to restore confidence in the party throughout the State. The assurance of a big campaign fund for united Republicans has also helped to again bring the boys into harmonious action. If Mr. Richard C. Kerens and Mr. Filley are to be reconciled, after a quarter of a century of enmity, and Mr. Kerens is to have free play for the ambition he has long cherished to be United States Senator from Missouri, and Mr. Filley is to have the State management and his share of the spoils in the event of victory, the main cause of Republican division will be eliminated.

The split convention at Kansas City, on the Democratic city ticket, the talk of a rump convention by the men who howl about the St. Louis Democratic primary rows in the Twenty-eighth ward, the accusations of incompetence and corruption against the Democratic administration by Folk and his followers, the blasts against the methods of the machine in the *Republic*, the exploitation of Edward Butler as a boss, the clamor against the police in politics, the rehash of the revelations about ex-Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee, the general supply from Democratic sources of charges against the Democratic party—these are matters justly calculated to inspire Republican hope of success. The Democratic family fight was never so bitter as now. The party so long in power was never before so much on the defensive as it is now, the accusations rising from its own ranks. The machine is now under fire from all the mugwump element in the party, and from all the politicians who have been made sore for various reasons in the last dozen years. The soreheads have been increasing in number until they are of dangerous importance. And all the complaint they make is water on the Republican wheel. Mr. Folk's campaign is an indictment of his party, a corroboration of every charge the Republicans have made against it. The opposition to Folk in his party is pictured as an opposition springing from corruption, and its success would turn many Folk Democrats into the Republican ranks. Folk's nomination may lose St. Louis and Kansas City to the Democrats, and several minor cities as well, and thus the State. Whatever the result of the fight for the gubernatorial nomination in the Democratic party, the Republicans draw hope therefrom. The bitterer the Democratic fight, the happier the Republicans; for in this Democratic primary fight it is not true that the result will be like that of a fight between cats—more cats.

The Democrats had better look out. They are cutting their own throats. They are splitting themselves wide open. The Republicans have a better chance to win than they have had in more than thirty years.

## Republican Chances in Missouri

By Daniel O'Connell Reedy.

THE trend of political events in Missouri has of late been strengthening the impression prevailing in many quarters that the Republicans will have more than a fighting chance to carry the State in the approaching general election. Persons who have studied the situation, in support of this opinion, point to the great change in conditions and in the leading parties since the last election. The Republicans, who a short while back were divided by factional differences, present to-day a practically united front, while the Democratic machine is meeting organized opposition, backed by a hostile press, within its own ranks. Throughout the State the Republican press and party leaders have taken new courage, and, with a few exceptions, are co-operating to make a vigorous campaign for all offices. There is evidence that the Republican party's factional differences have been settled, and that Kerens, Filley and Akins will work with the other prominent party men in the hope of placing Missouri in the Republican column. Word has been sent out that there will be a big campaign fund, a new deal in patronage distribution, as well as in party honors, and as a result

the erstwhile dissatisfied elements are falling into line. If, as seems likely, Mr. Filley should return to leadership, there will be "doings," for he is an organizer second to none in the United States. The Republican party now has no big internal fight on its hands in Missouri, while the Democratic organization, in stirring contrast, is up against opposition from many sources, from all of which support of the Republican ticket may be looked for. Corporations represented by Colonel "Bill" Phelps and John Carroll are hostile to the machine, of which these legislative agents were former members, and they are aided in the fight by Lon V. Stephens, who, despite what else may be said of him, must be recognized as a political manager of resource and finesse. Moreover, these men, in their fight on the machine, have the support of the leading Democratic newspapers of the State, the *Star* and *Times*, of Kansas City, and the *Republic*, in St. Louis, all of which wield a big influence because of their former indorsements of the party's candidates and policies. With all this strife in the Democratic ranks, Republicans feel justified in anticipating victory. They claim that the growing hostility to Bryan

# THE RAT *or* A Tale of the "Third Degree"

By J. Ramsey Reese

THE chief of detectives sat alone in Mulberry Street. From behind the green swinging door which led from his private office to the assembly room and the Rogues' Gallery he could hear a mumble of voices while the detective sergeants talked over the crooks who had been "stood up" at roll call for identification and future remembering. The system of mnemonics at Police Headquarters is primary, but undeniably effective.

He could even distinguish the click of the brass catches as some one searching through the "gallery" unloosened panel after panel of the hinged wall photograph album. The chief's brows were contracted and he pulled at his beard. He had not been head of the Central Office for many months, and, besides, he was alone and might allow himself a momentary relaxation of features forbidden him in the presence of his subordinates, who must ever be impressed with an official "front."

It was annoying—worse than annoying—it was even dangerous. The murder was a week old, and already the newspapers were in full cry over the inefficiency of the department. He knew that the Detective Bureau was expected to "make good." And "making good" meant making arrests. If the situation had not been a desperate one he would not have ordered the bringing in of The Rat the night before. Warren and Murphy had taken him in McTurk's, with the Sing Sing cell chalk tint still in his face. He had not been out six weeks, and he was very drunk. And so The Rat had been taken, and the chief of detectives had sent across the street to say that reporters might call at four and be told how the mystery had been solved. He sighed heavily as he reflected, for the Detective Bureau was more to be desired than a precinct. And he had been in uniform long enough to relish the privilege of wearing citizens' clothes, to say nothing of having his picture printed in the newspapers a great many times, with astute remarks upon crime which he frequently distributed, neatly typewritten.

He looked at his watch. It was half after three. Then he leaned forward in his chair and touched an electric desk button. A uniformed sergeant responded. The chief nodded. "Harry," he said, "bring in The Rat."

The green door opened and closed, and opened again as The Rat entered. He slouched half way across the room, and, turning, glared at the chief, who said "Good morning" affably enough and pointed to a chair placed so that the light from the courtyard would strike the face of its occupant fairly.

His appearance did not belie his title—this man—The Rat. He was a sharp featured, stunted creature, with thin hair that grew far down upon his neck and clustered about his eyes, which were set strangely close together. His mouth lacked the curve of expression without which no mouth is human; and the upper lip was so short that it gave one the impression of being continually drawn back in an ugly sneer. Not a pleasant spectacle to dwell upon was The Rat.

"The chief looked at him hungrily. 'If I could only make him stand for it,' he thought, 'it would be the prettiest sort of a story. He looks the part. The papers would print diagrams of his head, and send women reporters to write about inherited crim-

inal instinct. It would square me for six months.' This is what the chief thought. What he said was: 'So you've come back to us, eh?'"

The Rat swore. "Cut that out," said the chief, pleasantly. "You're sober now. We're only holding you till you tell us where you were Tuesday night. That's all. They found 'Dutch' Gallagher over on Chrystie Street early Wednesday morning. There was a knife and a red handkerchief, Rat. These!" With a quick movement the chief whipped the knife and handkerchief from the top drawer of his desk and held them towards the prisoner. But The Rat was emotionless. He looked at the detective and at the objects he held in his hand. There was no surprise or fright, only hatred in his gaze.

The chief leaned over the desk. His voice was soft and almost appealing. It came from between lips that were well-nigh locked, and he touched The Rat's arm. "It's silk," he murmured. "Red silk with a bloodstain."

The prisoner swore again—comprehensively. "I ain't afraid of your 'third degree,'" he snarled. "Bring it along. I know it's coming. They told me all about it up the river. There's a greengoods man up there in tier 7, named Burke. He works in the bakehouse because he ain't no good on the stone piles. He's got one side of his face stove in, and three fingers twisted together where two of your wardmen give him the jitsu turn. You hired a stoolpigeon to squeal on him, and because he wouldn't split on a pal, you done him." The man's voice rose to a half scream. "You done him," he howled, "just as you'll do me."

"Don't be a fool," said the chief gently. There were beads of perspiration on his brow. He would have liked to beat in the face of the sodden creature before him. But instead he purred to him. "This was different, Rat," he said wheedlingly. "Gallagher was drunk. There was fight. He was going to kill you, and you killed him. You killed him—in self-defence. You understand—in self-defence."

The Rat leered openly. "Doyers Street f'r you," he chuckled, with a cunning look. "Doyers Street and the long pipe dreams."

The chief threw himself back in the chair disgustedly. The electric fan whirled upon its shelf above his head, fluttering the loose desk papers, and twisting awry the coarse red locks about The Rat's forehead. Otherwise it was very still, and it was also very warm. They had taken the bracelets off the prisoner, and he sat twiddling his greasy felt hat between uncertain thumbs. The chief chewed an unlighted cigar and walked to the open window. As he stood gazing gloomily down into the gray courtyard, there came the sudden flourishing notes of a street piano, playing to the urchins from Mott Street on the strip of asphalt beyond. He could hear the echo of the happy children's voices while they flocked to the music box. He knew just how it looked, although the dirty brick wall hid it from him.

There was the smiling-faced Italian girl with the tambourine, gathering the nickels from the idlers strung precariously along the iron basement railing, watching the dancing. Even the nurses from St. Barnabas's Home next door would be peeping appre-

ciatively out of the downstairs windows. The piano was finishing the final bars of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," left over from the last stopping place on Elizabeth Street, with all its impossible trills and cadenzas. The street pianos always played "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Mulberry Street. The chief wondered why.

Then there was the quick pause as the man at the crank turned the change stop, and a gay waltz tune floated over the brick wall into the courtyard. By the shrill little cries of delight that followed it, the chief knew the children were dancing. He turned away from the window dejectedly. The piano rasped upon his nerves. As he turned he saw The Rat sitting upon the edge of his chair, his head raised toward the sound of the playing, and swaying to the echoing rhythm. The chief stared for an instant and then slid softly into his seat behind the desk, as the street piano rippled:

"There's only one girl in the world for me,  
Only one girl has my sym-pa-thee.  
She's not so very pretty, nor yet of high degree,  
But there's only one girl in this world for me."

The Rat was mumbling to himself and smiling as if he were remembering something pleasant. His lips were curled back to the gums, and his enjoyment was not edifying, and when his gaze wandered past that of the chief, the head of the Detective Bureau knew that it penetrated the gray cartridge paper of the wall behind him, and knew, too, that The Rat's mood was far flung. The man was still jerking his head up and down with the staccato tempo of the piano.

"Coney. Coney and two camp-stools on the deck by the dago fiddlers both ways," he muttered. He said it aloud, but it was as if he were talking to himself. The chief's hand moved toward the electric push-button and then paused irresolute. The outpouring notes of the street piano trickled like cool water through the roof closeness.

"Coney in the summertime," repeated The Rat vacuously. "It's God's own country. Coney f'r me of a Sunday afternoon wit' the sunshine and the trolleys jamful. 'S the limit, what!' He swelled out his sparrow chest proudly toward the playing. "'S the limit," he chuckled. "Wit' a shine and a new celluloid rim and a nickel stogie in yer transom, yer on f'r yer money, and yer it. Say, I've danced rings around the other spielers in Stauch's wit' Mame."

The Rat's voice softened almost imperceptibly, but the chief caught the change and gripped the sides of his chair, breathing irregularly as if afraid to break the spell.

"There was the job of dishwashin' at the Tivoli; six plunks comin' reg'lar every week wit' now and then a small pike in the poolroom over the Volks Garden. I was wearin' real clothes and I made good. It was me swell front what won out wit' Mame. I wasn't pretty, but me front sent me home in a canter. And Mame wasn't no chowder party pal. She'd a mem'ry over night and a good eye f'r a white man. And the man what says she was stuck on 'Dutch' Gallagher's a liar."

A fierce anger wiped the smile from his scattered features, and made the chief recoil in almost fear. The very devil was in the stunted ex-convict's face, and the knotted pulses in his thin temples were throbbing riotously beneath the tight drawn skin.

"There's just one girl in this world for me," rippled the piano from outside, with a final burst of treble. Then the music ceased suddenly with the hollow knock the lid of a box makes when it is let fall. And at the sound, The Rat's head drooped upon his breast again.

The chief's right hand crept closely to the pencil tray and scrawled a few words upon a piece of paper,



which he gently tore from a yellow pad. "Keep the Guiney playing. Don't let him stop," the pencil traced. He looked furtively at The Rat. The little man's head was still sunken upon his soiled waistcoat, and he did not notice when the other tiptoed to the green door, and thrusting a hand out beyond, tiptoed back again to the desk, waiting. The renewed tinkle of the piano floated into the court yard, and the detective smiled as he distinguished the tune. It was the refrain of a sentimental ballad, which made the audience at Tony Pastor's applaud wet-eyed. The chief had watched them do it more than once. So he stared at the shrunken man before him expectantly.

"Sue, dear, how I miss your laughing.  
Seems to me it sounded like the birds at play.  
Darling,  
Sue, dear, don't believe I'm chaffing,  
Bless your heart, I love you in the same old way."

Slowly The Rat raised him from his lethargy. His bent shoulders quivered and he was no longer the huddled heap in the chair, inert and limp. Up went his head as he listened—up, until his gaze met that of the chief.

"Look here," he said hoarsely. "He let her starve. He let her starve on the top floor of a Cannon Street tenement. I wasn't wise to it up the river. I kept hammerin' away on a Sing Sing stone pile, thinkin' he was lookin' after her. Why, I believed in him. I thought he was on the square. It was stripes and the stone pile f'r me, and f'r him the Bowery of a Saturday night wit' the easy come-ons ready waiting on the pavement.

"He come ter see me in the Tombs before they took me up. 'I'll look after Mame, s'elp me,' he said. And wit' that I horsed the deputies in the smokin' car and give up me pedigree in the warden's office like the real thing. I thought 'Dutch' was all right. The calendar ain't turnin' like no roulette wheel up at Sing Sing. But it went a heap faster wit' the letters from 'Dutch' what give Mame's love at the end. Mame didn't write. She wasn't no scholar. And how was I to know that 'Dutch' was lyin'?"

The Rat halted waveringly. But the piano refrain sent him plunging on. "They took me good conduct time off and I got me ticket of leave. And I was for the home route wit' a new suit of paper clothes and me stone-pile cush in 'em. I hadn't let 'em know I was comin'. I wanted to surprise Mame. It was dark when I got ter Cannon Street. I meets Sweeney, the janitor, on the top of the stoop, after rushin' the can. 'Fifth floor?' I asks, thinkin' maybe Mame had moved. Sweeney eyes me and says, 'Wot're you handin' me?' 'Mame Gilligan, you mutt,' I says, and pushin' past him made as if to go upstairs.

"Sweeney crossed himself, and wit' that I knowed there was somethin' gone wrong. It struck me cold before he spoke, and I've never felt warm since—but once." The Rat's yellow teeth rasped against one another like a terrier worrying a bone. He went on thickly.

"'Didn't they put you next?' says Sweeney. 'Next ter what?' I asks. 'Mame Gilligan's dead in Bellevue these six months,' he says."

The Rat put one hand to his head painfully. "When Sweeney says that somethin' busted in here," he said. "I've been gone a bit in me nut ever since, but not too much gone f'r findin' 'Dutch' Gallagher. Why, a dog wouldn't have treated Mame the way he'd done it. She'd been starved. The ambulance doctor what come when Sweeney found her senseless in the hall said she hadn't been eatin' enough f'r weeks. 'Dutch' had left her. She'd hocked everything she had except the ring I'd bought her. They buried her wit' that on. He'd been writin' to me and sendin' me Mame's love after she was dead, and he knowed

it. I'd been doin' the time f'r both of us, and he'd let Mame starve."

Calmly The Rat's hand went out to where the knife lay upon the desk by the stained red handkerchief. The chief did not stop him. His breath was coming and going in little puffs, and his mouth was trembling at the corners, as if he were trying to be very calm and found it hard work. The Rat took up the knife as he might have grasped a friendly old pipe. He crooked his fingers about the handle and weighed the blade in his grasp. It was all mechanically, jerkily done.

"He was dealin' faro in a brace game on Fourteenth Street," he said. "I waited f'r him that night. And when I seen him leave I followed him. When he got to Chrystie Street I was wit' him, but he didn't know it. I sneaked up them stairs behind him quiet as death, and when I turned around at the top landin' ter look by the gaslight if any one was followin', I seen Mame walkin' up after me and pointin' toward 'Dutch' on ahead, and I knowed that I was doin' what was right."

The Rat's Voice wavered for the moment. His lips parted drily, and he licked them with a swollen tongue. It was as if he were going on. Then, of a sudden, there came the hollow sound of the street

piano stop, as the Italian at the crank changed tunes. The chief started to his feet with a smothered curse. In through the open window crept the music. It was inexorable:

"Break the news to mother,  
Just tell her that I love her.  
Just say to her I—"

Like one startled from an awful dream, The Rat shivered and rolled his eyes in a quick effort to find their true focus. His stare fell upon the face of the eager watcher, and then upon his own hands with the open knife. Outside, the street piano wailed industriously. The detective met his rush with the heavy nickel butt of the desk telephone receiver upon the forehead.

From behind the green swinging doors rushed two in uniform. They looked from the unconscious man to the chief, who was tugging at his beard with his arms crossed. "And the papers will say we gave him the 'Third Degree,'" he said, smiling vaguely.

To the little group in the room came the incessant *vox humana* of the street hurdy-gurdy.

"Take him out," said the chief shortly. He'll be all right in an hour. And for God's sake, stop that piano."

New York Evening Post.

## Gotham's "Bug" on Bridge

By Geraldine Bonner

THE bridge mania, which devastated New York last winter, shows no symptom of abatement. On the contrary, it seems to be even more violent. It is coming to the point where one's social status is gauged by the game of bridge one plays. If you play a good game it does not matter how ordinary, dull, or second-rate you may be—you will be welcome in the realms of the elect. Bridge will get the outsider in more quickly than any other known means, unless, perhaps, a vast fortune.

The deadly earnestness with which women have taken to it is extraordinary. To that large class of matrons and maids who have no worry on the score of means, no disturbing ambitions to lead them far afield in the paths of artistic endeavor, and much time to spend as they elect, bridge has become one of the absorbing interests of life. You hear a good deal of talk—very largely from just this class of fashionables—about the damage done to domesticity by the woman's clubs, and the complete ruin that will overcome the neglected home when the female of the species is given the suffrage; but neither clubs nor politics would ever absorb as much of a woman's time as bridge now does.

They not only play it at all hours, but the competition to play well has become so keen, that they make a study of it. The lady of society goes to her bridge lesson so many mornings in the week, and there plays with other similarly aspiring ladies, while a teacher rules the assemblage and guides and governs the game. The thing that has surprised me is how so many women who seem stupid can play so well. Some of the best players, if you meet them out at dinner, are desperate bores. They either must have a natural knack for cards, or else they have studied so hard that they have thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the game. I should consider a person who played "casino" well as rarely accomplished, and to hear that some dreary frump, who has bored you to extinction at lunch, or some artless maid of eighteen, who has

simpereed at you across a dinner table, are the star players of their sets, is to be bewildered and amazed.

The hours spent at the teacher's are only the beginning of the bridge-maniac's day. If she goes out to lunch, the last mouthful will be hardly swallowed when the company repair to the drawing-room and fall upon the tables. Then silence settles on the room, and a portentous gravity on every face, and the game is on till late in the afternoon. At eight o'clock she will go out to a dinner, where she meets a given number, all well-known bridgites of established repute. The fashion for repasts of inordinate length, when the victims gorged for three hours and then were taken home in hacks, has passed with other barbarities of modern civilization. A small dinner does not occupy much more than an hour now; a large one never more than one and a half, or, at the most, two.

Toward half-past nine or ten the company rises from the hospitable board, and passes, with eager eyes peering for tables, into the drawing-room. There is no loitering of men over cigars and coffee. The business of the evening claims them almost at once. The women are permitted a moment's dallying with *creme de menthe* and possibly cigarettes, but they are restless, and conversation is fragmentary till the tables are pulled out and the score-cards set. Then the serious side of the evening begins, and they settle down to it with the solemnity of those under the spell of a ruling passion. They will play this way till twelve, and sometimes till two. In houses where they play for money and the stakes are often high, they sit on at the tables till the small hours. At four o'clock the automobiles will be standing in a line outside, the chaffeurs asleep on their boxes.

The result of all this is that those who do not play or care for cards have had to learn how or almost drop out of their sets. Teas are the only entertainments to which they are asked. I have heard numerous women say they did not want to learn bridge,

but they had to or simply step down and out of the social life they lived for. A friend of mine was urging me to learn, the other day, and held out as an inducement the flattering increase in the invitations I would receive. She, personally, had been on the point of asking me to dinner at least a dozen times, and always to meet the most delightful people, but as I did not play it was impossible. The delightful people would only come if "bridge" were written on the corner of their invitations. The non-player is a hopelessly discordant note in this kind of party. The only thing for you to do is to order your carriage for immediately after dinner.

Some days ago, I heard a lady, in talking of the spread and violence of the bridge mania, speak of it with respect and tenderness as a boon to the entertainer. Since it came upon the carpet, the burden of amusing her guests after dinner has been entirely lifted from the exhausted hostess. All she has to do now is to see that they can all play, that the right number are there, and that there are tables and cards for them. She makes them cheerful and mellow with a good dinner and the best wines, then conducts them to the card-tables, and her work is done. It is like setting troublesome children to building block houses, or putting treacle on a baby's fingers and then giving it a feather to play with. These simple forms of amusement have been known to keep the most refractory spirits happily occupied for hours.

I think the main secret of the extraordinary vogue of bridge is the decline of conversation. "In society," to use the phrase in its ordinary, hackneyed sense, hardly anybody really talks well. One almost never hears of a person who is brilliant in conversation. There are witty people, and funny people, and that sort of society buffoon who does "stunts" after dinner and makes the other guests laugh. But the person whose talk is worth listening to, who has ideas, knows how to express them, has the active brain, the observing eye, and the ready tongue of the born conversationalist, is non-existent as far as the fashionable world goes.

There are people of this sort outside society, but they are not going to waste themselves on a set who have no interests but clothes, what they eat, and where they spend the summer. The other night I was at a dinner where one of the men was a really fluent and brilliant talker. Whenever he opened his mouth all the others shut theirs and listened in wide-eyed astonishment. There seemed to me to be a slight resentment in their attitude to this unusual and unconventional specimen, who was scintillating with ideas on all subjects. Afterward I heard the gentleman was a well-known figure in many New York sets, and that his claim to the consideration of his fellows was that "he knew how to talk."

Conversation, taken in its polished, dignified sense, is becoming one of the lost arts. I have met many people here this winter, and the man spoken of above is the only one of the lot who has possessed in a high degree the power of brilliant, forceful, and picturesque speech. Conversation, in the French *salon* understanding of the word, where one person holds the floor and others listen, does not exist here. Nobody is clever enough to hold the floor; nobody knows enough, or expresses what they do know well enough, to be listened to. Conversation in the form of people talking together in groups, with a bright interchange of persiflage, a hit or miss sort of wit, has long been the best form of the article manufactured in inner circles of Gotham. New Yorkers have practiced this sort of talk and reached a high state of dexterity in it. In quickness of repartee, sparkle of humor, and gayety of comment, they are hard to beat.

But one cannot keep such pyrotechnics up for long

stretches of time. After the dinner there is a drop when people sit around on sofas and yawn behind fans till the carriage is announced. A man tired with business has not much to say to the wife of some other business man who happens to have been his dinner partner. She, on her side, has nothing to talk to him about. In nine cases out of ten her preoccupying ideas will be her new clothes, her servants, the best schools for her children, whether she had better employ an allopathic or homœopathic doctor, and the small gossip of her little world. If she is by way of being intellectual and up to date, she will want to talk a little about "Candida," will ask if he has seen the latest exhibition of somebody or other's paintings, and what he thinks of "The Stone of Destiny," Mrs. Mackay's new book. Each one of these subjects will bore him more than the last, and he will murmur a prayer of thanksgiving when his wife signals him that the time has come to go.

This decline of the power of sustaining conversation has an undoubted connection with the decline in the habit of reading. I mentioned in a recent letter how few fashionable New Yorkers read or patronized libraries. Among the society class nobody reads, save a novel or two and a few magazines. This is more or less admitted, the excuse being that in the increasing rush of social life there is no time for slowly plowing through serious books. I have never met so many naturally bright people who have read so little and know so little as one meets in a winter's campaign in Gotham. Some of them make a gallant

pretense at it, talk about the titles of new books, between the covers of which they have never glanced. Others frankly acknowledge that they don't read anything but the morning paper, a few magazines, and some of the more popular novels.

With such people, conversation in its higher expression of a leisurely cultivated interchange of thought cannot flourish. The naturally fine talker and *raconteur* does not need to have a brain stored with knowledge. He is born, not made, like the well-known Scotch duchess of whom Burns said that he would walk twenty miles to hear her talk, though she knew little, and was, as duchesses go, quite uneducated. But these are star cases. The average good talker requires training, wants his brain well furnished by books, and his tongue oiled by practice. With nothing in his head except the memory of the daily round, he is not likely to be wildly entertaining. He does not want to amuse. He wants to be amused.

It is to this world that bridge has been welcomed as "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." There is no more struggle to talk with an empty head and a full stomach—nobody feels the arid lack of sparkle and charm in the conversation, because there is no time for conversation. During the course of dinner or lunch there is "the little talk of thee and me" that we all enjoy, and then, instead of the dull, heavy hour sitting about and trying to think of smart things to say, there are the green tables, the markers, and the cards. No wonder bridge has "caught on."

*From the San Francisco Argonaut.*

## A Spartan

By Ernest McGaffey

UNMOVED he sees the years go by,  
The seasons flash and fade;  
Old comrades pass, old memories die,  
Himself still unafraid.

He knows the irony of Death  
Is but a jest of Fate;  
And his the task, with even breath,  
To steadfast watch and wait.

Power and spoil, he heeds them not,  
Ambition's voice, nor Fame's;  
He knows the sands of centuries blot  
Lost records of great names.

For him the bitterest winds that blow  
Shall only make him strong;  
He finds in rain and hail and snow  
The solace of a song.

The iron tongues of bells may toll  
Dirges or wedding chime;  
He bides in peace, with stoic soul,  
Himself the peer of Time.

Content, whate'er shall cross his ways;  
Happy, if Fortune send  
Out from the wrecks of nights and days  
One woman, and a friend.

## The Jai Alai Game

IN this good city of St. Louis gambling is closed down tight. But we don't hear that the authorities are taking any steps to suppress the Cuban *jai alai* game that is being set up as a sort of semi-concession near the World's Fair. The *jai alai* game is the gambling octopus of Havana. It was big enough to bribe the chief officer of the United States in "the ever faithful isle" with a \$7,000 silver service. It is a gambling scheme, second in importance only to the Louisiana Lottery in its later forms after dissipation. It is set up here in St. Louis as an attraction to the World's Fair public, but the real object is to familiarize the people from all over the country with the working of the game prior to the establishment of courts for its practice in all the other big cities of the Union. Now if there is to be gambling in St. Louis during the World's Fair, let the St. Louis gamblers have the benefit of the open town, and not a lot of imported "mestizos" and "dagos" operating under cover of a World's Fair concession. The *jai alai* "graft," once it gets going, will be the greatest "snap" in connection with the World's Fair. It is such a good thing and so palpably a gambling snap that curious people naturally wonder with whom the promoters are making a "divvy." The daily papers that are prompt to close up "Markie" Gumberts or "Jimmie" Cunningham when they open a craps game or poker game have had nothing to say as yet concerning the *jai alai* game that comes to town under cover of the World's Fair. What the local "votaries of chance" would like to know is who was "fixed" to immunize the Cuban gambling game and how it was done in a town so dead set against gambling as this is supposed to have been for some time. There has been talk of eminent National statesmen having been retained as counsel for the game, and, indeed, the scheme takes on some of the aspects of a project for an establishment of a chain of *jai alai* gambling houses from New York to San Francisco. Some of the exceedingly enterprising local dailies should investigate this subject—if they haven't done so already and then found it advisable to quit.



# Nugent's Easter Clothing

GREAT SALE OF MEN'S AND BOYS'

We've bought the entire surplus stock of New Spring Clothing from

**Hackett, Carhart & Co. of New York City**

**FOR JUST \$27,000.00**

And it is now being retailed on Nugent's third floor at less than the customary wholesale prices! No concern on earth makes better Clothing than Hackett, Carhart & Co. When such splendid qualities are linked with these sensationally low prices the result is a buying event that not a man or boy in all St. Louis can afford to ignore! A rare chance to get boys' confirmation suits!



**B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company,** Broadway, Washington Ave and St. Charles Street.

## The Gibraltar of Japan

**Likewise the Pittsburgh of the Orient**

**M**OJI is the Gibraltar of Japan.

Whether you arrive by land or by sea, the place gives an immediate impression of culminating majesty. Great hills tower up in every direction, and behind them lie snow-clad mountain peaks proudly topping them.

Here and there you spy openings on the rocky shore—artfully concealed natural harbors. A well-protected channel takes you into the bay of Shimonoseki itself, and here, after a short journey, you come on the twin towns, Moji and Shimonoseki, on either side of the bay.

The hills, black and lined with mist, stand grimly around. Stacks of Titanic chimneys on the low levels of Moji vomit forth thick smoke, recalling the horrors of Pittsburgh. Ten thousand craft, from the 8,000-ton Harland & Wolff steamer to the antique junk, lie packed around. Stacks of coal, almost mountains in themselves, are one great center of work. An almost unceasing succession of trains adds to them, while myriad workers bear the accumulating loads to lighters near by. The locomotives you notice are Baldwins, and the coal trunks are of the newest pattern—steel, automatic emptying. The open fires burn weirdly on the native boats. There is a feeling of haste in the air.

In the harbor, both on the Moji and the Shimonoseki sides, the native craft are emptying and filling with great speed. Packages covered with matting are being swung on the backs of tireless coolies or swung on ever-moving cranes. In the deeper water great steamers are lying, surrounded by coal barges, and an army of women and men is coaling them by hand with a rapidity no machinery can rival. This is not the sleepy Orient, but has the spirit of the bustling West.

The multitudinous junks themselves are well worth notice. The rule here seems to be "one junk, one family." The family live continually on the great angular, unpainted boat, the wife helping at the tiller as she carries her baby on her back, and the children playing around. Here is a junk so large that half-

a-dozen households could find room on it; here one so tiny that its poor owner and his wife and children can only find room to sleep at night by pulling matting over the bare deck. This junk is outwardly the replica of the old Spanish galleon, and this is the image of the pictured pirate craft which awesomely rejoiced one's boyhood days. The sails of yonder craft are quilted like the curtains in a West Hampstead lady's drawing room. Many have a distinctive note of their own, proclaiming them the pride and holdfast of their inhabitants.

Some may grow enthusiastic over the nimble women who fill the bunks of the steamships with coal. I cannot. Seen from the steamer's deck, their appearance, as they stand in long lines passing up the small baskets of coal, no doubt, has a touch of picturesqueness. A nearer view spoils the effect. They are adult women, all amazingly short and sturdy, all stunted in growth and aged in looks by severe and constant toil unsuited for their sex. As one watches the weaker of them drop down on the deck of their barges, exhausted after their work is done, the sense of the picturesque dies.

It is hard to realize that around here is one of the best fortified spots on earth. Every trace of the gigantic military and naval preparations now proceeding in the neighborhood is as carefully covered as possible. The hills around are honeycombed with forts and protected by artillery at every point, but one looks in vain for the guns. The supplies now being landed from a thousand junks are, every one is aware, for military use. But there are no men in uniform supervising. Tens of thousands of troops lie ready within a brief march; but there is not a soldier on the streets. This scenery, at least, is typically Oriental.

Those who are enraptured with the poetic side of Japan would receive a shock from the streets of Moji or its sister town Shimonoseki. They are as prosaic and as dirty as those of the worst part of the Black Country. Every one bears the traces of toil. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and have that

indescribable "slummy" smell (the nearest approach to a description can be a combination of the odors of boiled cabbage and spilled paraffin) familiar in the back streets of London. The children, too, often show plain traces that their mothers are busy at other work than caring for them. The roadways are without footpaths, and on wet days are anything but pleasant. Drainage is exceedingly primitive. Every shop has its front open all day, even in these winter times.

The streets are ever a tangled confusion of pavement merchants, of patient coolies carrying heavy burdens, of laughing children, of rare horses or cattle carrying provisions, of shouting rickshaw men. Even here, in a place where foreigners are counted by the units, many of the men, but practically none of the women, have put on European garb.

Shimonoseki and Moji have been the center for two of the most momentous events in modern Japanese history. It was here, in 1858, that the fleets of the great Powers came to punish Japan for some offences against foreigners. Many men still living near by took part in that conflict, and they say (whether rightly or not, I have no means of knowing) that the Marquis Ito himself was among the defenders. The fleets shelled Moji, and the people mounted their batteries and vigorously replied. But every Japanese shot fell short. The result of that bombardment was not merely local ruin at Moji, but stretched out to the overthrow of the old Japanese feudalism and the inception of a new ideal of an Occidentalized Orient.

It was, therefore, fitting that this same bay, which had witnessed the humiliation of the old, should be the scene of the crowning triumph of the new. Ten years ago Japan proved, by force of arms, her power to enter the ranks of the world-nations. China lay defeated before her despised rival, and it was to Shimonoseki that Li Hung Chang, China's envoy, came craving, and obtaining, peace.

It was the triumph of the new Japan, a triumph which every Japanese believes will be repeated in the near future over a greater rival. The people here have faith that as the triumph of 1894 wiped out the bitter enemies of 1858, so shall their coming conquest make even the glories of the last victory fade. For the modern Japanese does not hope for victory; he is firmly convinced, whether coolie or soldier, that anything except victory is now impossible for his nation.

London Daily Mail.

## POLITICS

WILL WALBRIDGE BE TEDDY'S RUNNING MATE?

There is now very good reason to believe Cyrus P. Walbridge prefers to be nominated for Vice-President. It looks as though the Republican managers have planned to use the ex-Mayor as an entering wedge in the hope of throwing Missouri into the Republican column. Some months back the situation looked so doubtful that Mr. Walbridge and his friends thought the Vice-Presidential endorsement which the State Committee had generously given him was merely a ruse to keep him out of the gubernatorial race. Since then, however, they appear to have listened to the arguments of the big guns in the party and are now not only disposed to accept, but anxious to try for the National honor. The argument used was to the effect that under the present favorable conditions in Missouri the nomination of Walbridge as the "foremost" Republican of the State, as Roosevelt's running mate, was all that was needed to clinch the result in Missouri and make her a Republican State. Moreover, it is understood that the party leaders have conferred and agreed to call upon the Republican National organization in support of Walbridge and in the hope of capturing this erstwhile Democratic stronghold. It is generally believed by Republicans that the Republican National machine will sweep away

any obstacles from Walbridge's path when the Missourians reveal the necessity of their having second place on the ticket and point to the result that they think will follow in this State. Since the clans began gathering at Kansas City to select the Republican big four delegates, it is evident that there is a decided change in sentiment toward Mr. Walbridge's probable gubernatorial candidacy, and it looks as though the party managers, having settled this question, have arranged to name either Colonel Bothwell of Sedalia or State Senator McKinley for Governor with the chances much in favor of the former. The boom for Assistant District Attorney Norton seems to have subsided completely.

It would not be at all surprising if Mr. Norton turned up as a candidate for Attorney General.

As matters are shaped now, some of the counties which indorsed Mr. Walbridge for Governor want to know from him what his views are on the present plan of the campaign managers.

## THE FIGHT ON DAUGHERTY.

Opposition to Congressman Daugherty is already assuming a decidedly hostile phase. The Congressman hoped that the Third District Committee was with him but it transpires that it was just the other way. The feeling against him is growing more intense. He had pinned his faith on a primary to settle the vexed question, but the expensiveness of this plan did not appeal to the friends of Judge Sullinger, who now appears to be the man upon whom the opponents of Congressman Daugherty have united. A mass convention to select the delegates has been decided upon and it is now generally believed that Mr. Daugherty will be defeated for the nomination. The Republicans in the district are taking advantage of the strained relations of the Democrats. In the last few weeks there has been an enthusiastic boom for General Joe E. Black of Richmond for the Republican nomination. Frank B. Klepper of Caldwell County has equally as strong a following, however.

## CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEES.

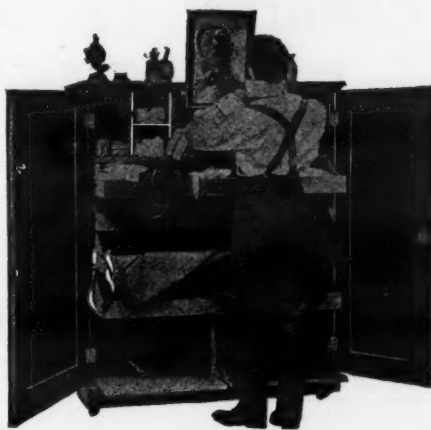
Republicans are preparing early for the fight they must make in the strong Democratic congressional districts of the State. In the Sixth District Mr. J. R. Rhodes of Cedar County was nominated without any opposition to make the race against Congressman De Armond, who is almost certain of renomination. J. T. Burney of Harrisonville had been favorably considered by the Republicans of the district until the last week prior to the convention, when Rhodes was fixed upon as the strongest man to pit against De Armond. The latter's majority in the last election was 3,500.

In the Tenth District Congressman Richard Bartholdt was renominated without any well-defined opposition. George W. Baumhoff and Tub Becker endeavored to create a diversion for a County man, hoping Fred Essen would enter the race, but their plan did not reach maturity. The Democrats have not as yet hit upon a candidate to oppose Dr. Bartholdt.

The Republicans of the Sixteenth Dis-

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Long Overcoats .....\$25 to \$60  
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Suits .....\$25 to \$60  
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The latest and best European Cloths of patterns personally selected by us—cut and made up by experts—and promptly turned out.

**M. E. Croak & Co.**  
OLIVE AND TENTH STS., S. E. CORNER.

trict, as anticipated, nominated Mr. A. P. Murphy to make the race against Congressman Lamar. Mr. Murphy is already the beneficiary of a Federal berth which nets him magnificent returns.

Ten cents may get you \$5,000, and that would buy a nice home. Smoke a \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

### THE ONE HE MEANT

While stories were going the rounds at the club, one night, a member contributed one about a leading man of a theatrical company that had become stranded in a country town. The leading man installed himself at a hotel, and lived a precarious life while waiting for remittances. One morning, he rang the bell in his room for half an hour. Nobody answered. Then he went out in the hall, leaned over the railing and called: "Boy! Oh, boy!" "What is it?" snarled a bell-boy from the lobby beneath. "Have you seen anything of my

laundry?" "Aw, g'wan!" said the boy; "you ain't had but one shirt since you've been here." "That," said the actor, with great dignity, "is the one to which I refer."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

### POSITION WHEN DRIVING

It is no longer considered smart for carriage folk, while out for a drive, to lean back in their victorias in the attitude that would suggest they were enjoying their drive at ease. The latest form seems to make it imperative that the occupant of an open vehicle, be it victoria or hansom, shall lean forward in an attitude of expectancy, with one foot extended as though the person was about to alight at the next moment. This rule seems only to apply to women, for the men lean back as of yore.

Mrs. Noorich—"Isn't it grand to ride in your own carriage?"

Mr. Noorich—"Yes, but I'd enjoy it more if I could only stand on the pavement and see myself ride by."



MUSIC

EDITION ERNST OF BEETHOVEN'S OPUS 125.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was programmed as the feature of the fifth of the Choral Symphony Society's series of subscription concerts. The local orchestra had never before attacked the titanic work, and it was with reluctance that Director Ernst took it up this time. Once absorbed in his task, however, the dauntless conductor went at Beethoven's masterpiece with a will, omitting this, changing that, with the result that if the Choral Symphony subscribers heard not Beethoven's Ninth Symphony as it was written, they heard an effective and expressive performance.

This immortal work, the last and greatest of the master's symphonies, was written with a choral finale, Schiller's "Ode to Joy" being the text used for the fourth movement. This part, owing to its abnormal structure of the voice parts, was deemed impracticable and was consequently omitted entirely, and to give a spirited finale to the performance the order of the earlier movements was changed, the third, a slow movement, being played second and the *Scherzo*, with its *presto* coda, ending the performance. While not traditional, this omission and transposition was not marring, but to the student of the work Mr. Ernst's rhythmic and tempic innovations in the *Scherzo* must have been a distinct shock. The Choral Symphony director, instead of following the composer's direction to "press," or "accelerate," the time in the bars preceding the *Trio* slowed his beat in this passage and took the *presto* at a moderate pace, making a charming *pastorale* but disregarding altogether the composer's intentions. The reading throughout was superficial and bodiless one straining one's ears in vain to distinguish the workings of the inner voices of the orchestra. A lack of balance in the distribution of the instruments in the Symphony orchestra is no doubt largely to blame for this defect but care and discretion on the part of the leader would have mitigated this to a great extent.

Miss Isabelle Bouton whose claim to membership of the Metropolitan Opera House Company rests on her assumption of the part of a "flower maiden" in "Parsifal," sang solos with understanding and grace during the early part of the evening, being accompanied with complete success by Mr. Ernst, orchestrally and pianistically.

UNION MUSICAL CLUB.

An unusually interesting programme will be presented by the Union Musical Club's choral department at the Church of the Messiah on Saturday.

Saint Saens, Liszt, Elgar, Kiel, Rossini, Haydn and Palestrina all find a place on the programme with Mrs. Maud Fenlon-Bollman, Miss Jessie Ringen and Mrs. Oscar Bollman as solo expositors and Mrs. Rohland as director.

Pierre Marteau.

"I want you to understand," remarked the indignant young broker, "that I am no ignoramus. I went through college, sir, and have my sheepskin to show for

it." "So!" said the senior of the firm; "well, I didn't go through college, but I have taken several sheepskins to show since then—fleece and all. See?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.



THE PARACHUTE MAN

"Come on! The band's all ready."

I was met with a roar of applause as I ran down the hotel steps. The band played in salute, and the crowd opened up for me as I hastened. The parachute was stretched out from the straining balloon. As the man with me snapped the hooks on the ring, he showed me where the rope hung, and told me how to pull it when cutting loose. He was the excited one. I was in a semi-stupor. A bitter indifference filled me as I looked at the ugly, swaying monster which was to bear me to affluence or death.

"Let her go!"

With a cleaving of the air and a rush of sound like the coming of a cyclone, the balloon shot upward. I ran for the bar, grasped it and soared.

I tried to swing up on the bar. But the rush of the ascent straightened me, like an iron rod. I thought my arms would be pulled out. A sickness came over me, comparable to the effect of the start made by a high-speed elevator. Then the motion became more easy and I swung upon the bar. I was accustomed to gazing down from heights, and felt no fear as I stared at the gazing crowd. I could see them waving hats and hands; could hear the band playing; and was conscious of a pleasant, dreamy sensation, and of a steady, easy rising from the ground. I ventured to bend a "crab" and make a few "ankle drops." It was as easy as when I was only a few feet from the ground. I glanced down again. The crowd appeared smaller and seemed to be walking away from me. I had commenced to drift. Now was the time to cut loose. I wished that I might stay where I was—taking chances with that limp bag of a parachute did not look to be safe. But it had to be done.

I caught hold of the rope, braced myself on the bar, and gave it a short, hard pull.

Whish—my breath left me! For the first time fear—deadly fear—entered my heart. A jerk that nearly unseated me, and I was again sailing pleasantly through space.

I ventured to essay a few additional feats as the ground seemed to more closely approach me, and then I commenced to calculate as to the manner in which to strike the ground. Like many other problems, it settled itself. I struck it feet first in a cornfield; was dragged along and scratched up, and came to consciousness in the arms of my new manager, who was alternately cursing me for getting killed and blessing me for having saved his skin and the \$450.—*Outing*.



EFFICACY OF PRAYER

A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* says: "I had a cook who could not read or even tell the hour by the clock, but she boiled eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day: 'But how do you know when they are ready, Chucha?' she answered with a smile which showed

Sixth,

Seventh,

**Barr's**  
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Full silk lined, and made in a thoroughly first-class manner, a coat that the tailor would charge you \$25 for. Our price \$15.



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all her fine teeth, 'Senor, I boil them by the Credo.' She had been taught, like other Mexican village girls, to patter off the apostles' creed. She did not know quite well what the worlds meant, but they just did nicely to boil eggs with. She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail) and began to say her creed. At amen the eggs were ready."



TAN SHOES AGAIN

The yellow shoe will be in style for men again this summer, and the shops are already stocking up on them. The bootblacks are all hustling again to get yellow polish, which has been entirely out of the market ever since the yellow shoe became passe, some four years ago.

The tan shoe is considered by many the most comfortable for summer wear that man has yet devised, and probably this very reason is why it has come back. Some few who have cared more for their feet than for looks have clung to them right along, but they have been very few. Some freak of fashion sent them out, and Mexico, which country is always two or three years behind this country in its fashions, has been luxuriating in them. So distinctly abolished have they been in the United States that polish for them has been actually out of the market.



Mistress—"Did any one call while I was out?" *New Girl*—"Yes, mum; Mrs. Wayupp called." "Did she seem dis-

appointed when you said I was not at home?" "Well, she did look a little queer, but I told her she needn't get mad about it 'cause it was really true this time."—*New York Weekly*.



HOW COFFEE IS OFTEN SPOILED

A suburban family has a servant who is an excellent cook, but insists upon making all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes. Her mistress gives her very full swing, not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies. The other day her mistress said to her: "Bridget, the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It's no kind at all, mum," replied the cook. "It's a mixer."

"How do you mix it?"

"I make it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio."

"But that's only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"I put in no quarter at all, mum. That's where so many spoils the coffee, mum, by putting in a fourth quarter."—*Chicago Journal*.



"Well, Robbie, you've got a new little sister; she just arrived this morning," said the proud father. "Do we get any trading stamps with her, pop?" asked little Robbie.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



Knicker—"Do you believe in a college education?"

Bocker—"Yes; it teaches a boy's father how to take care of his money."

## NEW BOOKS

"New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," a sequel to the "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," published some years ago, have just made their appearance from the press of John Lane of New York. The letters are in two volumes and are of a variety that lend a decidedly increased charm to Carlylean literature. These later letters were collected and edited by Andrew Carlyle of Edinburgh, and only the best and most characteristic examples of Carlyle's epistolary efforts were selected. The work is elegantly printed and bound and contains a number of fine illustrations. These volumes will prove valuable to any lover of literature or admirer of genius.

"The Viking's Skull," by John R. Carling, author of "The Shadow of the Czar," is a spirited story of love and adventure, with an ingenious plot. The story tells how *Idris Marville*, the Earl of Ormsby, recovered treasure hidden by one of his progenitors—a ninth century Viking—and cleared the memory of his father, who had been convicted wrongfully of murder. The story is exceptionally dramatic and interest-compelling. It is from the press of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. Its price is \$1.50.

"The Peril of the Sword," a story of the siege and relief of Lucknow at the time of the Indian mutiny, by Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt, has been issued by H. M. Caldwell Company of Boston. It is claimed that a great deal of the history of the hero and heroine is founded on fact. If the romance is fiction, however, there can be no question about the story of the siege and relief being strictly accurate and the chief acts and actors are recorded in a manner which brings the actual scene before the reader's very eyes. The book is dedicated by permission to Lord Earl Roberts, the former Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and, as a matter of fact, he appears frequently as a character in the novel itself. Colonel Harcourt, the author, is himself an old Indian officer, and was present during the mutiny. Price, \$1.50.

Under the title of "Living Masters of Music," an interesting and available series of monographs dealing with contemporary musical life and including representatives of all branches of the art, are being published by John Lane of New York. The first of the series deals with Henry J. Wood and it was prepared by Rosa Newmarch. Other volumes in preparation are of Richard Strauss, Edward Elgar and Antonin Dvorak. The price per volume is \$1.00. The object of the work is to do for the living masters in music what has been done for contemporaneous great men in art, literature, science, war and history. There is a wealth of information about the old music masters, but not a line about those of the present day.

"The Rat Trap," a novel by Dolf Myl-larde, author of "The Story of Eden," recently issued from the press of John Lane of New York. Combining a forceful style with freedom from convention,

both in thought and expression, the freshness of this author's work is a tonic. The scene of the new novel is one of those typical British "stations," in one of her colonial possessions. Here the members of the civil administration and of the garrison form a bright social coterie, and, thrown upon their own resources, soon adopt a familiar bonhomie such as one finds among the passengers aboard ship during a longish voyage. The atmosphere is thus entirely informal. The theme of the story is mainly concerned with the experiences of three persons—a weak man, whose very weakness earns for him the fate of Uriah the Hittite; a strong man, whom circumstances place in the position of Uriah's counterpart; and the woman whom the strong man wins from the weak. Those who have read "The Story of Eden" will know what entertainment awaits them in the pages of "The Rat Trap." The price of the volume is \$1.50.

"Parsifal," an intimate and appreciative description and consideration of Wagner's great opera, by H. R. Haweis, and "The Trouble Woman," a real touching short story, by Clara Morris,

which teaches that the only way to mitigate your own misfortunes is to consider and alleviate those of others, are the most recent additions to the Hour-Glass series of booklets, issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Publishing Company, of New York. The price of each is 45 cents. Both are well worth perusal.

"Hezekiah's Kortship," by Frank A. Van Denburg, from the press of Richard Badger & Company, of Boston, is intended as a humorous work. There are dashes of fun and odd character studies in the book, but on the whole, it is mighty boresome. It is a dialect story of the bucolic type. The price of the book is \$1.25.

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

## WOMEN'S PORTRAITS IN USE

The authorities of the Mint did well in getting the handsome, well-poised head of Miss Hicks-Beach for the "Britannia" of the new florins. We are used, of course, to see the head of the sovereign or chief of the State on current money, both coin and paper, but on sev-

eral occasions a subject or ordinary citizen has figured on the currency here and elsewhere. The figure of Liberty on the coinage of the United States of America has its prototype in a young school-teacher in Philadelphia. Mme. Louise Blaka, the prima donna, was on the thousand guilder notes of Budapest, and for a long time after the reign of Charles the Second the English pennies and half-pennies sported the counterfeit presentment of the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth as "Britannia." Mrs. Washington often appeared alone on American notes, and occasionally accompanied by George; while a century ago the comely face of a Baroness de Rothschild adorned the Rothschild notes.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

The Stayer: "Isn't it hard to lose your daughter?" "No, not this one; I could have married her off a year ago. It's her older sister that's hard to lose." —*Houston Post*.

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

## Spring Styles

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# SOCIETY

The last few days of Lent are devoted by the ladies of the World's Fair foreign households to informal entertaining in a rather quiet way, as becomes the penitential season.

Holy Week, beginning next Sunday, is generally very dull in St. Louis, where it is strictly observed by many residents.

This social lull will cause interest to center in preparations for the approaching Easter weddings, shopping, the selection of wedding gifts, and chummy inspection of brides' trousseaux.

As already announced in these columns the Easter nuptials will come all in a bunch, and after that there will be a pause till June. So far the ominous month of May has not been the choice of fashionable brides.

The first important rendezvous which society will give itself after Lent is the ball of the St. Louis Chapter of U. D. C. and the Memorial Society at the new Jefferson Hotel, Friday night, April 8. The patronesses of this smart affair are Mrs. David R. Francis, Mrs. Rolla Wells and Mrs. Daniel F. Manning. The gentleman who will serve as chairman on important committees are Messrs. David R. Francis, Rolla Wells, Frank D. Hirschberg, William H. Thomson, and Ricardo Diaz Albertini. All the foreign commissioners to the World's Fair will attend with their ladies. This ball will not only be the first entertainment given in the new Jefferson, but the opening event of the World's Fair season proper. Mme. Vitterio Zeggio, wife of the Italian Commissioner, Mme. B. Roditi, Mme. Suaza Aguiar and her daughters, Misses Eulalie and Jennie, of Brazil, the Countess d'Haussonville, Mme. Stanley Bois, who will have arrived here by that time, will be among the courtly women from foreign lands.

A formal dinner and an informal "smoker" were given to Major-General

John C. Bates and his staff by the members of the Mercantile Club last night. The officers who attended were Major-General John C. Bates, Lieutenant-Colonel James Parker, Captain William M. Wright, Lieutenant Sherwood A. Cheney, Lieutenant Van Leer Wills, Major Edward J. McClelland, Major James A. Irons, Captain David Du B. Gaillard, Colonel Charles H. Heyl, Major George H. C. Gale, Major William A. Nichols, Captain William H. Ladue. Mr. Smith P. Galt acted as toastmaster. Messrs. Paul Jones, George W. Brown and Frank Wyman arranged the entertainment, which was the greatest success of the Mercantile Club's social season.

Mme. B. Roditi, who is domiciled in a pretty home at 814 North Kingshighway, entertained last Monday afternoon for Mr. and Mrs. Sugawa, of the Japanese Commission. Her guests were Mrs. Akoun, Mrs. Theodore Meier and Mrs. H. Bartley, Jr., of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore De Forest will soon move into their new home at Ingleside, one of the most pretentious country residences in the suburbs of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Alofs have taken possession of their elegant new suburban home at Kirkwood, where they will entertain many prominent visitors from Holland, among them Lieutenant Koch of the Dutch army. Mrs. Koch is a sister of Mr. Alofs. The lieutenant and his wife will bring with them to this country their military unicycle, and make the journey from New York to St. Louis in that way.

Mr. and Mrs. Guido Pantaleoni may be called to Italy on short notice on account of the illness of Mr. Pantaleoni's mother, who is a member of the nobility, and the bearer of an old and aristocratic name in the "Almanac de Gotha."

Waldeck, the St. Louis portraitist, has just finished a life-size portrait of Mrs. David R. Calhoun, which shows this charming society queen in her favorite pose. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun are now in New York, but after their return, Mrs. Calhoun may permit her portrait to be exhibited.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whittemore are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulliken at their Virginia home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulliken and Mr. and Mrs. William D. Waters, who have beautiful country residences in Virginia, within a few hours' ride of Washington, D. C., will be here early in May to visit the Fair.

Among the Hot Springs, Ark., sojourners are Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stockton and Mr. and Mrs. Trabue Pittman.

Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, who has been several weeks at Hot Springs, returned home a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hodgman arrived from New York and are located at the Grand Avenue Hotel. Mrs. Hodgman was formerly Miss Parks, of St. Louis.

Mrs. A. H. Hebard, who is at Hot Springs, Ark., will return home on the first of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barr, of New York, arrived at the Grand Avenue Hotel last Tuesday for their annual

*Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney*

## Sale of Fine India Carpets

We have on sale in our Oriental Rug Department, on our third floor, a special purchase of fine Rugs at prices much below market value.

The most prominent values are in a group of fine India Carpets in room sizes. There are only sixteen in the lot—part of a very choice collection bought at private sale through one of the most important rug importers in New York City.

Anyone desirous of securing Carpetings of rare beauty and merit will do well to take advantage of this sale.

### Specimen Sizes and Values

\$160 India Carpet, 11-11x8, for \$110

\$175 India Carpet, 12-1x9-2, for \$125

\$200 India Carpet, 12-10x10, for \$135

\$215 India Carpet, 13-2x10-2, for \$145

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Largest and Handsomest Restaurant in St. Louis.

Three large separate Dining Rooms and several smaller rooms for Private Dinner Parties.

Music by Vogel's Band every evening

## TURKISH BATHS

Exclusively for Ladies.  
Carleton Building,  
Sixth and Olive Streets.  
F. De DONATO, Prop.

visit. On account of Mr. Barr's recent illness their coming was postponed several weeks.

Major and Mrs. Samuel Garcia Cuellar, connected with the Mexican National Commission, have engaged apartments at the Grand Avenue Hotel for the period of the World's Fair. Major Cuellar is aide-de-camp to President Diaz. Before leaving Mexico City, he and his wife were entertained at dinner by President Diaz. General Powell Clayton was a guest at this farewell dinner and announced to his friends the engagement of his youngest daughter, Kathleen, to a wealthy Englishman, now a resident of Mexico. Miss Char-

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping, the

### Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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## Easter Novelties

All the latest fashion decrees in belts and bags. Crushed leather, soft, neat effects in black and white, best quality calf belts at

48c each

Black and white satin and silk crush belts, with handsome back pieces and buckles. Price ranges from

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Sterling silver top hat pins, newest designs, well made, very tasty

15c each

Candles, shades, candlesticks, and candelabra in great variety.

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lotte Clayton was married ten days ago. Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the Woman's Board, has rented the O'Fallon residence in Washington boulevard.

The John J. O'Fallons have gone to Europe and will not be back till late in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker will go direct from Pasadena to their summer home at Kennebunkport, Me. They will be in St. Louis only two days.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Green will take a summer residence in the suburbs during the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cook are going abroad during the summer. They will tour Norway and Sweden.

If you are going to California, get some literature that will tell you all about the places of interest, hotels, etc. Call on or write to J. H. Lathrop, General Agent, Southern Pacific, 903 Olive St., St. Louis.



Mullarkey—Murphy was the whole thing at the dance last night. *Durphy*—No wonder; when Murphy gets his feet on the floor there is no room for any one else. And he's worse now since he donned them Swope shoes. They're fine to dance in. Swope's store is at 311 N. Broadway.

## DRAMATIC

CASH 'ER BINGHAM'S PROFESSION.

When Mr. Loyd Bingham, emulating Bernard Shaw's pugilistic hero, buffeted the ebullient person of the New York *Evening Sun's* dramatic department and held this *Admirable Bashville* "anti-maccasarily asprent" while the latter endeavored to abstract his unoffending ear from retributory molars, he established an innovation in what had hitherto been his profession: namely, ameliorating Amelia Bingham to cash, and blossomed forth a "pug" of the most pronounced type. Neither the sensations, nor the abrasions, sustained by his Admirable adversary should excite that worthy's companion scribes to compassion, since he but served as a salutary symbol upon which the belligerent Bingham demonstrated what was to be meted out to those impious quill-drivers who attempted to chirographically trim *Olympe's* smelly wick, and thus mitigate against his efforts to monetarily meliorate "Melie."

But let us not forget in forebodings of grim-visaged war this "romantic drama" suggested by Dumas to one Pierre Decourselle. The first throe is felt in the "Cloisters of Avignon," where, despite a sumptuous setting, the irrever-

ent atmosphere of comic opera is evoked by some ribald, off-pitch chanting, a machinating chevalier, a Jesuitical actor, and an actorious Jesuit. The atmosphere is not benefited by the unreasonable introduction of a trio of unhappily cast actresses, one of whom—*Olympe*—prosecutes an impossible flirtation with a stage-struck novice whose absence from study in company with his fellows was not explained except in the afterlight of his inherent tendency to fly to a petticoat for protection.

From the cloister we are translated to "*Mlle. Olympe's* drawing room," which, to be charitable, is probably meant to be the green-room, judging by the "at-home" air of the throng of stage-hands, players, maids, soldiers and any one by chance about the premises, even to the wicked novice (who has run away from the cloister to see *Olympe* act)—in fact, the only person, apparently who does not unceremoniously enter this room is the aforementioned Jesuitical actor, who is cast for the leading part in *Olympe's* new play, and who, suddenly smitten by remorse, presumably for his sins against Thespis, had incontinently fled to the monastery next door to play the part of a postulate as badly as he had formerly played "leading business" in *Olympe's* company.

O tense, O hoary, O hallowed "situation!" No one to play the leading role. No attempt made to capture the truant mummer and drag him from the contiguous monastery. "I know the part—the whole play," shouts the "hookey" playing novice, and promptly proceeds to demonstrate by "spouting" to the now transported *Olympe*, who flings herself at his feet and gives torrid cue for cue.

"You're a born actor," she shrieks at last, and forthwith hustles the doomed novice off to exchange his monkly robes for silken tights and toga.

After the "show," supper is served in *Olympe's* boudoir at the expense of this efflorescent person's protector, and thither the entire company, including the novice, repairs in stage costume. The novice having made a "hit," is quite the lion of the gathering, and two temptresses simultaneously proffer him glasses of wine with the taunting query: "Are you afraid of damnation?" "I'm toasting already," he cryptically replies, draining the tumblers. Finally, when the novice-actor decides to go home to his cloister cell, he discovers that the ungrateful, reformed actor whose part he has played has entered the crowded theater unobserved and abstracted the novice's street garb, then hieing himself back to the cloister. By which the audience, though doubtful of the object of the theft, clearly perceives that this deft gentleman has a second time mistaken his avocation.

But why narrate further this absurd attempt at a "plot?" This prolific "play" is made up of parts of various plots, none of which are developed to anything even approaching a logical conclusion. A feeble, intermittent attempt is made to bring "human wills at conflict," by the efforts of a scheming *Chevalier* to place *Olympe*, and thereby himself, within the tropical zone of



## That Foggy Feeling

**B**ILIOUSNESS is no respecter of persons. It attacks the staid married man, the merry wielder of the carmine brush, the vivacious society miss, and the abstemious little home body, with impartial ferocity. It makes your skin look like Mexican leather and your head feel like a Whitehead torpedo about to explode. It puts a fuzz on your tongue in the morning and an undecided feeling in your stomach. You feel like a milliners' parade looks on a rainy day, but you can't locate the trouble. You're bilious; simply bilious, and you need a

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Unequaled values at \$1 and finer qualities up to \$4.50.

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royal favor. However, this expedient furnishes drama for the last act only, as, up to that time, *Olympe* concurs with him in his wish. But such drama as Mr. Decourselle manufactures in this fourth act! It is the extreme of burlesque, and how sane adults could accept his efforts seriously and expect the Century Theater clientele to regard this amorphous mess in the light of a dramatic offering, is inconceivable. Even Cash 'er Bingham's fists or his teeth will not convince critics or the public that he is offering them a play.

Miss Bingham catches the Decourselle spirit in her acting, but several very good actors seem wholly unable to grasp his intention.

Mr. Henry Woodruff, a manly, magnetic actor of culture, skill and temperament, struggles heroically with an impossible part and saves himself from ridicule by an almost pathetic earnestness. J. H. Gilmour and Edgar Davenport also battled manfully against fearful odds. The very slim gentleman with bulging calves, who played the *Chevalier*, seemed happier than some of his fellows, and an overdressed maid was quite in her element.

Pierre Marteau.

Frank Daniels is and makes "The Office Boy" at the Olympic Theater this week. The operetta is new and clever in spots musically and in the lines. It



might be as old as the hills, the diminutive comedian would rejuvenate it with his ever youthful self. That catchy air, "I am on the water wagon now," as delivered by Mr. Daniels, is the hit of the evening. It is a good Lenten song, and before Mr. Daniels gets out of St. Louis it will be hummed and whistled from the Levee to the World's Fair grounds, even if it is not obeyed in spirit. Sallie Fisher is Mr. Daniels' prime support in the soubrette role. She is the best vocalist heard in comic opera this season, with the exception of Grace Van Studdiford. When managers of operetta are on the hunt for such talent as Miss Fisher's, we may confidently look forward to a time when opera bouffe soubrettes will once more be of the calibre of the unforgettable Aimee and Alice Oaks. "The Office Boy" is a likely chap and pleasing in everything he says and does.

Julia Marlowe will play a return engagement at the Olympic Theater next week in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Ingomar," one of her earliest successes of the days when the late Robert Taber was still her husband and leading man.

William Faversham will revive at the Century Theater next week his "Lord and Lady Algy," but without delightful Jessie Millward as *Lady Algy*.

"Kerry Gow," with Joseph Murphy as *Dan O'Hara*, is the interesting dramatic revival at the Grand Opera House this week. The charm of the old Irish play will never grow less while such actors as Mr. Murphy resurrect it. He has studied the Irish character on its native heath, it seems, rather than following dim precepts. He has surrounded himself with artistic support. The *Nora* of Mary Formier, the *Alice* of Florence Sinnot, and John Daly's *Major Groff* are impersonations that hold the atmosphere on the right level. Mr. Murphy will change his bill to-night, to-morrow night

and at the two Saturday performances that other old Irish classic, "Shaun Rhue," will be presented.

Next week Manager Sheehy will present David Higgins in "His Last Dollar."

To-night's dramatic offering at the German Theater of the Odeon is "Der Fall Clemenceau," ("The Clemenceau Case") by Alexander Dumas. This comedy drama was the sensation of its day, and was promptly adapted for the German and English stage, where some of the leading actresses made fame and fortune out of it. Agnes Waldmann, whose benefit takes place to-night, will play *Isa*, the leading feminine part. Miss Waldmann has made remarkable strides in histrionics this season, and is to-day one of the most capable artists on the German stage in this country. In preparation for next Sunday is "Im Fegefeuer" ("In Purgatory"), a highly amusing comedy, which will be produced for the first time in this country by the German Stock Company here. In Germany the comedy is one of the principal repertoire pieces. A jolly evening is in prospect for the patrons of the Heinemann-Welb forces.

A melodrama quite to the taste of Manager Russell's clientele at the Imperial Theater is "The Great White Diamond." Three years ago, when the play was first produced here, it lacked in stage fitness and was retired for a time. So many capital changes have been made since that it is practically a new production of unusual merit. The "human ladder" scene is the catch of the play. An astounding amount of acrobatic skill is needed for this scene, and it goes hand in hand with the good acting that is required to support this great feature. Florence Huntley is a capable heroine, sympathetic to the audience to the point of arousing enthusiasm.

Next week "The Pride of Jennico," a pretentious production in which Bertha Galland, a Frohman star, appeared two years ago, will be presented at the Imperial Theater.

The Runaway Burlesquers are making merry at the Standard Theater. An abbreviated farce, entitled, "A King's Reception," opens the performance. Mlle. Rosalie is the star of the organization, and as dazzling as stars generally are. The olio is one of the finest of the season. It includes Darend and Green, the Berg Sisters, the La Valls, George T. Davis, and the Marimba soloists. The Rose Hill Company will be the next attraction at the Standard.

#### THE EDITOR'S CAUTION

A Chinese washerman has ruined six very negligé shirts of the Hon. Santiago Carter, and he is clamoring to write an editorial article in red ink on the Yellow Peril. But we desire to be impartial, to sit on the fence, and think this thing out. We have three Asiatic subscribers here, and the Orientals in Chiapas are beginning to read the papers, so we have hopes of a growth in circulation. There

## Artistic

## Diamond Jewelry and Silverware.

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The artistic treatment of cases conceals itself in the simplicity and graceful sweep of line that charms the eye.

Do not think of buying a piano until you have seen the Sterling. Prices are moderate, and we will make the terms satisfactory.

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Dancing to an new heir.

'Tis air to set one to dancing—balmy Spring air.

And 'tis calculated to get Spring Suits and Top Coats out into the air.

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Medium-Grade Prices.  
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is bound to be a Mormon colony in this State, and they may be sympathizers with polygamous Asia. Editors have their mental trials, and they are sharp and come quick and hard. Give us time; we never yet made a blunder.—*Tobasco (Mex.) Tageblatt*.

#### BUSINESS-LIKE MILITARY

This is a picture of a battalion leaving Tokio in the Chinese war at the railway station; Suddenly the public are instructed to wait a little and the turnstiles are locked. At last the great iron gates at the end of the platform are opened and the head of the battalion appears. It marches straight on till the leading company arrives at the front carriage.

The battalion is halted, turns toward the train; in a moment the train is packed as full as it can hold. The guard whistles, the train moves on. There are no friends on the platform—no women—no band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." "All is quiet; all is great," everything betokens order and quiet determination. Now the train has gone, the great gates are shut, the turnstiles are opened, the next ordinary passengers' train is ready to depart "on time." This is as far as I can remember the exact description of a Japanese battalion leaving for the front in the

## PATNT

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Chinese war. Who can resist such a nation as this?—*London Telegraph*.

Scribbles—"One of my jokes has got to a patent medicine almanac." Dribbles—"Traveled in a circle until it reached its original starting point, eh?"—*Chicago Daily News*.

## SPORTING COMMENT

## ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY INDOOR MEET.

The fourth annual indoor meet given under the auspices of St. Louis University, will be held next Saturday evening, March 26, at the Coliseum.

No indoor games of the West ever gave such promise of success as the coming ones. A greater number of entries have come in than the management even expected, and these entries are of such a nature that it were difficult to determine which event will prove the feature of the evening.

In local circles it will probably lie between the interscholastic relay race between High School, Smith Academy and the Western Military Academy from Alton, and the championship of St. Louis relay race between the M. A. C., the Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A., the Triple A and the First Regiment of St. Louis Athletic Association.

General interest is centered in the intercollegiate relay race between Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and Illinois University. Both of these colleges have exceptionally fast teams this year, and it will be a contest between the best in the East and the West. Georgetown relay team competed with the Yale University track team at Boston February 21, and though Yale won the victory, yet it would seem that Georgetown had the faster team. For when the D. C. boys were on the point of scoring a victory, Reilly slipped and fell, and in consequence lost the race.

As regards the Illinois University, every one knows the high standard of athletics this institution has always maintained and we confidently expect her team to uphold the honor of Western runners.

Another relay race scheduled for the evening is between Notre Dame University and St. Louis University. In this race St. Louis University is going against some fast men, but Martin DeJaney, the 'varsity trainer, is working hard on his team and the race promises to be exciting.

Aside from the relay races, the principal events will be the special invitation mile race and the special invitation half-mile race. In both of these events the best distance men of the West have entered, and some records are sure to be lowered.

The favorite in the mile is at present Hahn of Wisconsin University, who won the Western championship at this distance in the Milwaukee games last spring. He will run against Rudolph, the local champion; Gallagher, of Cornell University, now running for the Kansas City Athletic Club; McCormack, the Y. M. C. A. crack runner; Don Weir, who ran last year for the First Regiment of Chicago, and Purcell, the famous English long distance runner.

In the special half-mile the competitors are W. O'Flynn, of St. Louis University; McCully, of Illinois University, and Murphy, of Notre Dame University. These men are all fast and an exciting race is promised.

A new feature in Western games of this kind has been introduced in the 600 yards run and the 1000 yards run. These are attracting great attention

among athletes and the entries for these events are correspondingly large. In these races we will again see the East put against the West, for Georgetown has entered some of her men in these events, and as this is the customary distance in her section of the country, she seems to have the advantage.

But we can confidently trust our Western universities to make a good showing against our Eastern rivals.

## MAKEUP OF THE ST. LOUIS TEAMS.

The two St. Louis base ball teams are already in pretty good shape in their practice work in Texas. The Browns appear to have a first class team, and the Cardinals also appear to be of better game winning material than last year, even though there are several new players from minor leagues on the roster. With Manager McAleer, the big question, and really the only one that is worrying him, is to decide whether it shall be Hill or Demontreville at third base. The chances favor the latter, although the former is the better fielder, he is not the experienced player or batsman that Demontreville is. Shannon, the new man, is sure to be found in right field, and the other positions, outside the battery, will go to Heidrick, Burkett, Wallace, Padden and Jones. The Browns need not raise the cry of "weak battery" should they prove losers, for with Sudhoff, Sievers, Wright, Peltz, Morgan, Hise and Glade, all good twirlers with sound arms and with Kahoe and O'Connor experienced receivers and diamond generals behind them, there is little excuse for a fair hitting and fielding team not delivering the goods. The Browns look like a first division team, and if harmony is maintained, should live up to appearances. As to the Cardinals, they'll have to be worked in real contests for a month or more before much speculation can be indulged in as to their prospects in the race. On paper, they certainly do not class as tailenders, nor do they quite measure up to the standard of pennant winners. The question with Manager Nichols is: Shall Brain or Burke ornament the bench? Shay, the California boy, is crowding both for infield honors, and is almost certain to make the team. If Manager Nichols is wise he will think of his predecessor's troubles and land Shay on the team. This, perhaps, is what's sticking in the brain of the Cardinal's manager. It's a good opportunity to weed out trouble makers. It looks as though the Cardinal infield will be Beckley, Farrell, Shay and Brain, and as this is the only problem the management has to worry about the club should start the season in good shape.

## EAST AGAINST THE WEST

The much talked of meeting between the Eastern and Western Colleges for the National Athletic Championships at the World's Fair is now practically assured and June 11 will no doubt be a red-letter day in the history of American athletics on this account. Everything conspires to make the meeting of the college athletes a go. The Western College Championships will be held in Chicago June 3 and the Eastern colleges' meeting will take place at Philadelphia May 27 and 28, so that the athletes par-

ticipating in these games will be in good condition when the National Championship meeting date, June 11, arrives. The World's Fair itself will be an incentive for the college athletes to go to St. Louis so that they may combine business with pleasure. The chief trouble in arranging the meet will be over the question of eligibility. In the East there is a one-year residence rule, while in the West the term is only six months, and were the Western rules to obtain, those institutions would have much the best of it, as Michigan's champion hurdler, Schule, and shot-putter, Rose, would then be eligible, which would not be the case under Eastern rules. At the same time the Eastern shot-putters and hurdlers have shown quite as good form as the two men, and may be willing to waive the year rule in order to get on a meeting.

The plan for the programme provides for thirteen events, which are all the two sections have in common. They are the hammer-throwing, shot-putting, pole-vaulting, high and broad jumps, quarter, half, one and two-mile runs, 100 and 200-yard dashes, and 120 and 220-yard hurdle races. In these the East and West are of equal strength. The former has for sprinters Duffy, Schick, Dear and Sears, while the West has Hahn, Blair and Rice. Kellogg is the crack Western distance runner and the East has one or two good ones. In the

West there is Rose in the weights, against LeMoyné of Harvard, and both have recently broken the shot-putting record. In the hurdles and jumps the two sections are nearly equal, while with Dvorak out of the Michigan team, the hurdlers seem best in the East. The chances now slightly favor the East, and as the West is ready, in spite of the conditions, the meeting will doubtless be arranged. Whether any of the local institutions will be able to present a team of athletes of the caliber of the Easterners, to compete in any of the championships, is questionable, although there is much promise for the future in the boys of Washington and St. Louis University, Christian Brothers College and Missouri University. The latter institution has gone in strong for the cinder path honors.

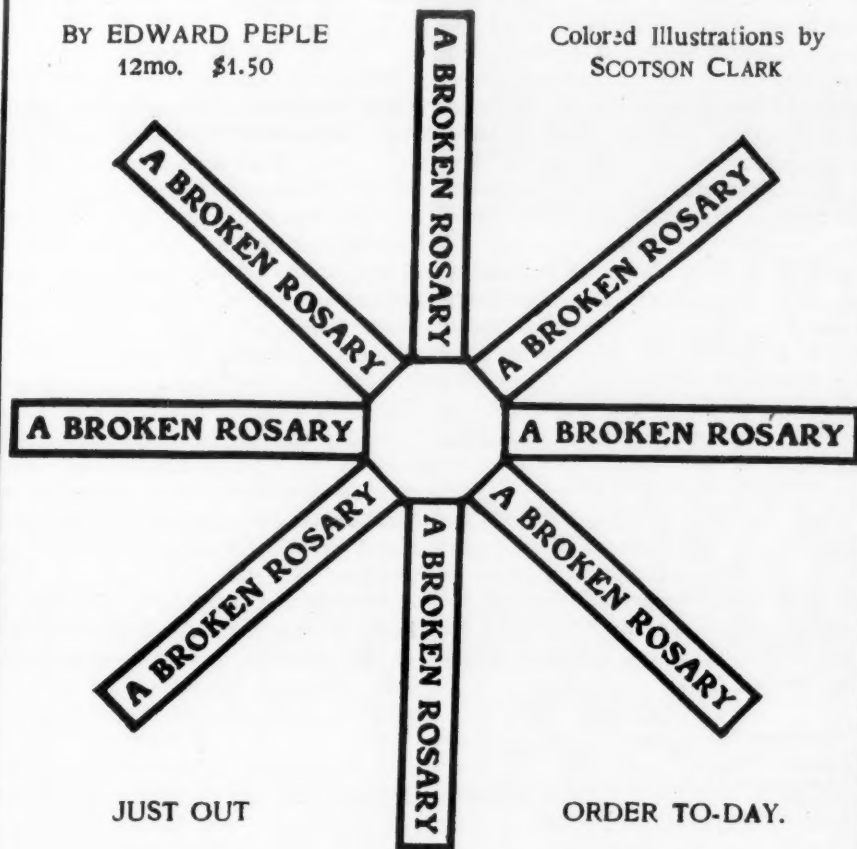
## CORBETT AND BRITT.

To-morrow night Young Corbett and Jimmy Britt meet in the ring at San Francisco in a 20-round bout for the featherweight championship. There is some difference of opinion as to the outcome, Britt being the better boxer, and Corbett the harder hitter and better ring general. If Britt can keep away from Corbett he may get a left-handed verdict on points, but it seems doubtful if he can escape Corbett's right in a 20-round bout. It looks like Corbett.

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## SOCIETY IS TIRED OF GOLF

So far as fashionable society is concerned golf is doomed. After maintaining a strong supremacy among outdoor sports for ten years, it has been abandoned by the swell set for the automobile and the motor yacht. Two of the richest men in the world, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, are among the enthusiastic devotees of golf, but they are unable to save it from drifting into the hands of a very different class of persons from the men and women who, when the golf craze was at its height, spent millions in purchasing valuable tracts of property for links and in putting up palatial clubhouses.

Following the example of golf clubs in the fashionable winter colonies in the South, the East Orange Golf Club, for seven years one of the leading organizations in Northern New Jersey, has decided to disband at the end of this month. A similar movement is looked for, not only among other golf clubs in the Oranges, but in other suburban districts within a hundred-mile radius of New York. Although the members of these clubs are abandoning their erstwhile favorite sport, they are disposed to let it down easy. They spare it a knockout blow by announcing that their golf links are required for building purposes. Investigation shows that so far as a limited number of small clubs with leased grounds are concerned this may be true. But it certainly is not true of long established clubs with extensive grounds and expensive houses that have decided to give golf the go-by this summer and devote more attention to tennis. While tennis never has died out, it has been kept in the background by golf for a good many years. This year it promises to regain something of its old-time popularity.

Polo likewise will benefit by the passing of golf, particularly at some of the New Jersey country clubs. The Essex County Country Club, for instance, the strongest organization of its kind in New Jersey, leased its fine polo grounds a few years ago to the golfers in the club. There are no finer links in the State. Polo threatened to become a back number just at the time. Since George Gould brought it to the fore again at Lakewood, the best sports of the Meadowbrook colony have fallen into line, and now the Essex County Club is anxious to get into the game again. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Jr., Fred Van Ness and a few others of the polo team who retained their ponies, have been trying to persuade the golfers to forfeit their lease. For two years they appealed in vain. This year, if rumor counts for anything, the golfers will have their ear to the ground for the general slump in the game, and will be disposed to come to terms with the poloists.

Since golf first became popular in the East, millions of dollars have been invested in the game. The manufacture of golf balls, golf sticks and other indispensable paraphernalia for players has made the fortunes of three or four sporting goods houses. It takes about six million balls each season to supply the demands of players, and there is about as much profit in them as in the manu-

facture of patent medicines. Many of the golf clubhouses in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, patronized mostly by the exclusive rich, have been fitted out regardless of expense. Their smoking rooms, billiard rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms for members who may wish to remain over night are the embodiment of luxury. They give \$2.00 table d'hôte dinners all through the season, and have well supplied wine cellars.

There are thirteen hundred established golf clubs in the United States. The one that cost the most money is the Ardsley, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where upwards of half a million dollars has been spent in laying out the links and putting up the clubhouse. Considerably more than one million dollars is invested in golf among the various clubs of Northern New Jersey. Five million dollars is considered a moderate estimate of the money expended for golf facilities by the various clubs within easy reach of New York City, where interchange matches are played during the season. Most of this was the money of society men and women who have now refused to consider golf a sport and have abandoned it as a fad, just as they did croquet and the bicycle.

Whether or not golf can survive its desertion by high society is a question. Opinion of experienced golfers is divided. Not a few assert that persons who ape society in sport as they do in everything else will abandon golf. Others say that while society has proved a traitor to the game, true golfers will stick to it. They "point with pride" to the fact that golf is now becoming as much a craze west of Chicago as it was in the East a few years ago. The Glen View Golf Club of Chicago, for instance, is building a \$700,000 clubhouse. Manufacturers of golf supplies admit that their market is changing, and that the increase in the Western trade atones for the falling off in the Eastern.

"The dudes cannot kill golf," said Arthur Pottow, editor of the official golf guide. "It is true that a certain number of society persons are abandoning it, but it does not make much difference what

## "Keep the Good In"

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the best—the natural elements and flavors of the meat.

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This is the secret of the delightful flavors of gas-cooked meals. This is the reason they lose less in weight.

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they do. They go in for any fad of the moment. The more expensive and out of the reach of persons of moderate means the better they like it. Golf differs materially from bicycling and similar pastimes. It is not a fad, but a true sport, just the same as cricket or base ball. Base ball thrives in spite of the fact that society does not take it up. So will golf."—*New York Press*.

### TEAL DUCK IS NOT FLESH

"Did you know that a teal duck is not flesh?" inquired one of a party of gentlemen who were discussing the high price of fish since the Lenten season set in. "It's a fact. The teal duck is not flesh, even if it is a fowl. It is the same as a winged and feathered fish, and any good Catholic can safely eat one for fish during the Lenten season or on any Friday. I did not know this was a fact until a few days ago, when I happened to be a guest at a luncheon whereat sat one of the great dignitaries of the Catholic church. It was on a Friday and I was astounded when a teal duck was served at every plate. But I knew that there were good Catholics there and that one of the arms of the church government, in fact, sat at the same table and had a duck before him, so I said nothing just at that time.

"After the luncheon I thought over the matter and puzzled my mind to know why a teal duck could be eaten on Friday when a mallard would be under the ban of the church. For that reason I asked a good friend of mine who is a pastor of one of the churches. He gave me the explanation. He informed me that a teal duck was not flesh any more than a trout or a minnow. The teal is the same as a turtle or an egg, neither flesh nor fish. And there is good reason for this, too, when you come to analyze the peculiar habits and tastes of the teal. This little duck will not feed on anything but fish, or little things of that sort that live in water. That accounts for the teal having such a strong fish taste. He lives on minnows and small fish altogether. On the other hand the mallard eats grain, such as wild rice,

corn, wild grasses or the seeds thereof, besides feeding, as does the teal, on minnows and small fish. But simply by the mixing of diet the mallard is under the ban so far as adorning the Friday dinner table of an orthodox Catholic goes."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.

"Children don't seem to have as much respect for their parents as formerly." "No," answered the cynic, "and I have never been quite able to make up my mind whether this is because modern children are less dutiful or more discerning."—*Washington Star*.

"Woman is naturally of a clinging nature," observed he. "Yes," rejoined his wife, "but she isn't to be compared with a man when it comes to holding on to a five-dollar bill."—*New Yorker*.

Anything to Blame It On: Mother—"Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold out skating?" Son—"Mother, I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning."—*Judge*.



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## SOME FREAK BIBLES

BY RODNEY BLAKE.

Foremost among the books in this age of books in the number of its readers is the Bible. No book has been so many times translated and none printed in so many editions. Many of these editions are interesting and intrinsically valuable because of their errors in translation and typography—errors which have given them strange names.

Pope Sixtus V. caused an edition of the "Vulgate" to be published in Rome in 1500, every proof of which he carefully corrected himself, and at the end of the volume he affixed a bull by which he excommunicated any one who should attempt to make an alteration in the text. This book caused a great deal of amazement—for the Bible was found to be full of mistakes—and the Pope, in consequence, was obliged to suppress the edition. A copy of it is a great rarity, and, of course, fetches a high price.

One of the oddest of the early translations is that which gives its name to the "Bug Bible." In the present version the fifth verse of the ninety-first Psalm reads:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." In the Bible printed in 1549 under the authorization of Edward VI. the first part of this most comforting verse runs: "So thou shalt not need to be afraid for any bugges by night."

At first reading this sounds a grotesque error, but a little investigation will show that the different expressions, bugges and terror, are more closely allied than one would imagine. In the first place, strip bugge of its old redundancy of spelling and it becomes a bug. The dictionary informs us that bug is derived from the Welsh word *bug*, which means a hobgoblin, or a scarecrow, and that it is only by comparatively recent usage that it has grown to mean a nasty or terrifying insect. Just below this are the three words bug, bugbear and bugaboo, and grouped as all meaning the same thing, that is, something frightful, as a specter, or a terrifying object, or a terror. There it is, then, the very same word; so that the bugge of the night and the terror of the night are precisely the same thing.

Shakespeare, by the way, makes frequent use of the word bug in its terrifying sense. In "Winter's Tale" one reads, "The bug which you would fight me with, I seek," and *Hamlet* says, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."

A Bible famous for its errors was the so-called "Breeches Bible," which received its name from the fact that the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis reads as follows:

"Then the eyes of them Bothe were opened and they knewe that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

In later editions the breeches were modified to aprons, and although the new word is less ridiculous than the older, there is little doubt that to the minds of the early translators the fig-leaves as breeches were just as modest

as the same foliage in the form of aprons. The more serious name of the "Breeches Bible" is the Geneva, because it is the English translation which was made and first published at Geneva in 1557. The translators were great English divines who had fled to Switzerland to escape the persecutions of bloody Queen Mary. It was the first Bible printed in Roman letter and divided into verses, and was the common Bible prior to the King James version.

The Mazarin Bible, published more than four hundred years ago, was full of errors. In an edition published two hundred years later the word "not" was omitted from the seventh commandment, from which error the book received the name of "The Wicked Bible." The Pearl edition contains the following: "Know ye not the ungodly shall inherit the Kingdom of God?" Another edition declared: "All scripture profitable for destruction." In the printed directions for conducting Catholic services appeared the line: "Here the priest will take off his culotte." The word culotte means an ecclesiastical cap or mitre. Culotte means in broad Saxon, a man's underclothes.

"The Placemakers' Bible" was printed A. D. 1562, and so called from a remarkable typographical error which occurred in Matthew v, 9: "Blessed are the placemakers," instead of "peacemakers."

The "Treacle" Bible is the one in which the "balm of Gilead" (Jeremiah viii., 22) is made to read, "There is no more treacle in Galaad." "Treacle" or "triacle" is not, after all, such a blunder, because, in the sixteenth century, "treacle" meant any kind of an antidote, or a mixture which assuaged pain. Galaad was, perhaps, the compositor's mistake.

"The Rosin Bible" was printed in A. D. 1609, and was so called because of an error in the same text, translated "rosin" in the Douay version.

A queer mistake is in what is called the "He" Bible. In Ruth xi., 15, the compositor unsexed Ruth, and made her "he." This blunder was printed in 1611. The edition in which the word is corrected is known as the "She" Bible.

The "Pagan" Bible contains in its illustrations some terrible anachronisms. It was published in 1572, at the time when the same wood cuts served for many purposes. At the head of St. John's first Epistle, Chapter I., appear Mount Olympus, Leda, the siren, Daphne and Apollo. The least that can be said of the pictures is that they are good examples of old art.

The "Wooden Leg" Bible is so called from a picture, where Satan, with that conspicuous tail which belongs to the part, sports a wooden leg. But why of wood? There may be many surmises indulged in. One is that in the England of that time there were numerous soldiers who were tramps, and some had wooden legs and bad traits.

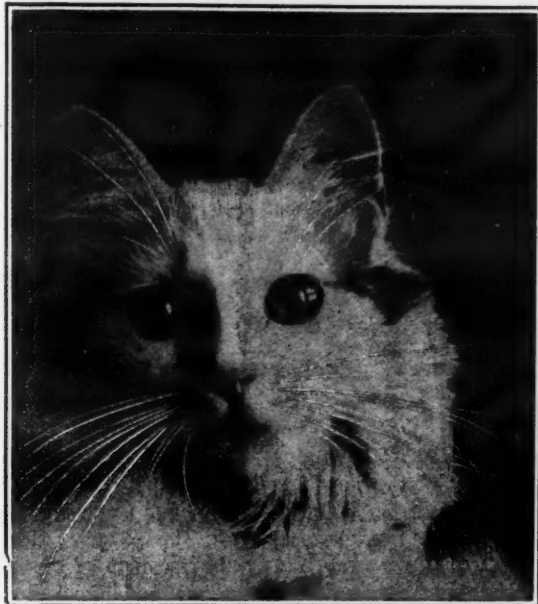
The "Servant" Bible makes the error of printing "servant" for "serpent" in the third chapter of Genesis, thus: "Now, the servant was more subtle than any beast of the field."

## SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his very fine collection of foreign lands. The collection is one of the most rare excellence of programme to be in the summer so as to keep them off the streets. The direct re-

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NOT IN A TRUST.

"The Thumb Bible" was printed in 1607 in Aberdeen. It is a Bible of small dimensions, and is one inch square and half an inch thick.

"The Printers' Bible" was issued in 1702. A blundering typo made King David exclaim that "Printers (instead of princes) persecuted him without cause." See Psalms cxix., 161.

At the Clarendon Press, in 1617, a Bible was printed which was known as the "Vinegar Bible," on account of the title of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which the "Parable of the Vineyard" is printed the "Parable of the Vinegar." To show how dangerous it is to assert infallibility while correcting the press, it may be mentioned that in the "Curiosities Bibliographies," published at Paris in 1847, and from which I have derived several

of these misprints, the word "vinegar" is printed "vineyards." The "Vinegar" Bible has also other errors, and in spite of its splendid typography and general beauty it was condemned and met with public disfavor, and got the further name of "A Basketful of Errors," from its being printed by John Baskett, of Oxford.

The "Judas" Bible has a bad typographical error, substituting Judas for the Savior: "Then cometh Judas with them into a place called Gethsemane."

The "Murderers' Bible," published in 1801, contains an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "murderers" being used instead of "murmurers."

"Wierix's Bible" contains a plate by John Wierix, representing the feast of Dives, with Lazarus at his door. In



the rich man's banqueting-room there is a dwarf playing with a monkey, to contribute to the merriment of the company, according to the custom among people of rank in the sixteenth century.

"The Caxton Memorial Bible" was issued in 1877. The remarkable thing about it is that it was wholly printed and bound in twelve hours, and that only 100 copies were struck off.

"The Knave Bible" was a version of the Coverdale Bible, printed at Zurich, and dedicated to Henry VIII. A curious story has been handed down concerning this peculiar edition. An idea was propagated that in a few copies of Matthew's Bible the Apostle Paul had designated himself "Paul, a knave of Jesus Christ." Of course, no such Bible existed, and the Duke of Lauderdale, the Scotch Viceroy of Charles II. having in vain endeavored to obtain one, it occurred to a worthless fellow named Thornton that he would gratify the duke's desire by exercising a little ingenuity, and perhaps serve himself at the same time.

He procured a Matthew Bible, and from the date MDXXXV he erased the last two numerals, leaving the date 1520. After this daring imposition he rubbed out the word "serwaunte" in Romans i, 1, and inserted "kneawe," the latter word being made up from letters which he had cut from other parts of the Bible. This mutilated book was taken to the duke, who gave Thornton seventeen guineas for it, and subsequently had his arms and coronet stamped upon both covers. From this incident it received the name of "The Knave Bible."

"The British Diamond Bible" was printed in Bristol in 1774 by W. Pine, and published with notes, as a commentary, to evade the King's printer's monopoly. The notes were spaced off from the foot of the page and cut away when the book was bound. It was a cunning way of evading the law as it then existed and of affording a profit to the publisher.

"The Pearl Bible" was issued in 1658, and the edition, so called on account of the diminutive type, was printed in London by John Field, and is noted for its wonderful typographical blunders. Field was an unscrupulous forger, and it is said of him that he received £1,500 from the Independents for corrupting the texts of Acts vi, 3, by substituting "ye" for "we," to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own clergy. Among other errors in this version may be mentioned "unrighteousness" for "righteousness" in Romans vi., 13, and in I Corinthians vi, 9, the text read, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God?"

The "Religious Bible" was published in Edinburgh during the year 1627, and the line in Jeremiah iv, 17, which refers to the commonwealth of Judah, instead of "Because she hath been rebellious against me, saith the Lord," was printed "Because she hath been religious against me."

All scriptural misprints are not the result of accident. It was the design of a printer's widow in Germany to upset

the whole system of domestic economy. A new edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, and one night, when all the workmen were absent, she rose from her bed and proceeded to the printing-room, there to tamper with the type and falsify a text that had caused her much trouble. Her better half had, without doubt, given her frequent cause to protest in her heart against that sentence of woman's subjection which is pronounced upon Eve in the third chapter of Genesis. To rescue her sex from its false position she resolved to alter the relative situation of the parties, and, taking out the first two letters of the word "Herr," cunningly replaced them by "Na." By this means the decree ran: "And he shall by thy (Narr) fool," instead of "he shall be thy (Herr) lord." This substitution, though submitted to in domestic life as, perhaps, was the case—was not suffered to pass by those who were in authority without punishment, and the widow was burned for heresy.

Even the writers of the Scriptures were not always at their best, for in the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah it is written: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four-score and five thousand, and when they arose in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."—From the Reader Magazine.

### ❖ ❖ ❖ TIGHT WAISTS FOR WOMEN

"Prepare for tight waists," is the dictum sent forth by the annual convention of dressmakers in New York City. Hereafter women of the country must follow the new style or be outside the pale of fashion. To the male mind this will give an erroneous impression without that illumination which we here vouchsafe. Tight waists in the physical sense have been in use from time immemorial, and the dictum as sent forth does not mean necessarily a further drawing in of the corset strings, though logically it will lead to such action. It means that there will be no more of the draperies from the bust to the abdomen, which obscure the naturally bad or artificially very unpleasant features of the anatomy of certain women.

No. There is to be no more deception. The coming waist is to be plain and built tightly over the corset so as to conform to the figure as reduced and rearranged by the corset. The unduly stout cannot have a sort of veil floating down to conceal unenviable proportions. Every woman must exhibit herself as she is or as she can twist herself into being, and there will be no fear or favor shown. This is a heartless dictum, but it must be obeyed, along with another which forbids women to bend the knee when walking. This is a difficult task, and gives the tyro the appearance of "walking Spanish," as we used to call it in juvenile days. It must be done. The woman of fashion will squeeze herself into the smallest possible compass and walk as if she had lost both her kneecaps, which is supposed to give "a grace and dignity to any woman who is endowed by nature with a good carriage."

That also is difficult for the male mind to understand. It may be all right, but there is trouble ahead for the man who

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tries to walk the streets with a woman if she is to go about in this fashion. It will be particularly hard on the golf girl, but she will submit along with the rest. If there ever was a tyranny on earth which seemed to call for a revolution, it is that of fashion, but the dress reformers have never been able to muster even a corporal's guard. Women of all sorts and conditions, shapes and complexions, are made to pass through the same crucible of latest styles. It is harassing to the masculine mind to go to a place of public amusement and see all women, from fat to lean, from old to young and from beautiful to plain, wearing their hair in exactly the same style, regardless of local conditions. The male philosopher can see so many chances of individual improvement by applying principles of taste that sometimes he has the temerity to suggest them to his wife. He generally regrets it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### ❖ ❖ ❖ THE "GRECIAN BEND"

The edict of the Dressmakers' convention that woman must once more assume the distortion of the "Grecian bend" is not an unmixed evil. The fad we all laughed at thirty years ago was merely a good idea gone wrong in exaggeration.

The common fault in the careless attitude both of men and women, especially those of middle age, is the "sway-back slouch." The frightful example of this offense stands inelastic on his heels, with his stomach protruding and his chin dropping lazily upon his flattened chest. The enlightened, passing him with a shudder, declare that our

men are "not well set up." There is a suspicion that women would more often fall under the same criticism but for the kindlier concealment of their draperies.

A Greek statue, or a statue of any age representing strength or grace, is poised lightly upon the ball of the foot, the chest expanded, the head erect, the hips well drawn back. This is the correct, the seemly, the hygienic pose, which the dancing master, the drill sergeant and the gymnasium instructor all hold up with slight modifications, for imitation. The distorted "Grecian bend" is not further from the ideal in one direction than the "sway back slouch" is in the other, and perhaps a few months' cult of the "bend" by lifelong devotees of the "slouch" will help them to appreciate and to cultivate the golden mean.

### ❖ ❖ ❖ WAS NEEDLESSLY AWAKENED

"John!" whispered Mrs. Swackhammer, hoarsely. "John, wake up! In the basement—hear them—they're—they're workin' in the basement—"

"Wh-wh-what!" gasped Swackhammer. He dived under the pillow and clutched his pocketbook. "What is it?"

"B-b-burglars!" chattered Mrs. Swackhammer. "Don't you hear them—"

"Aw, rats!" said Swackhammer, as he lay down and prepared for sleep again. "You scared me nearly to death. I thought it was plumbers."—San Francisco Bulletin.

❖ ❖ ❖  
"So Jagsby has absconded. Another good man gone wrong." "Nonsense. It's merely a bad man has been found out."—Philadelphia Ledger.



## THE STOCK MARKET

The bull faction made an interesting demonstration in the past week, as the result of which stocks of prominence have been lifted from three to five points in value. Every bear attack met with supporting orders of no mean character. Even the sensational failure of Sully failed to induce more than a merely sympathetic decline of small proportions. At times, the market developed actual buoyancy, and such an amount of stamina that a good many bears thought it wise and timely to cover their short lines. That there was any considerable amount of *bona fide* buying for long account is exceedingly doubtful. Among the public the speculative spirit continues at a low ebb. Wall and Broad street commission houses report few buying orders worth mentioning. In view of this, it must be concluded that the late improvement in values was brought about chiefly by professional traders for strictly professional purposes. Perhaps it was also intended to have an alluring effect upon the stubborn outside element. In some of its features, the bullish manipulation has all the well-known earmarks of a skillfully devised stratagem, of a kind closely resembling that which almost succeeded, in the early part of January last, in inveigling the public into purchases at the most hazardous moment imaginable.

That an influential element among the professionals is inclined to work for a substantial rise has been pretty well evidenced latterly. The way the market acted after the Northern Securities decision had come out, and in the very face of a bad "smash-up" in cotton, plainly showed the fine Italian hand of a powerful and well-organized clique of manipulators. Forced covering of short lines, and a certain sort of foolish and fatuous light-heartedness among the "talent" facilitated the bullish operations. All the well-known little tricks were employed to bamboozle the inexperienced "tenderfoot" and to convey the impression that the psychological moment for the inauguration of a bull campaign had at last arrived.

Will the betterment in speculative conditions in Wall street be continued? It would seem so, if one may be allowed to judge by superficial appearances. Around this time of the year there is almost always more or less bullish maneuvering. The sap is rising in the trees, says the old-timer, so why shouldn't stocks go up? Spring is the time of cheerfulness, of hope; it is perfectly natural to see people buying stocks when magnificent crops are sprouting under the bright blue of the vernal skies. This sort of argument may sound idiotic, yet it cannot be safely disregarded by careful traders. Wall street is not entirely devoid of vague sentimentalizing. It also has its moods and illusions.

At this writing, stocks are again slightly wavering, owing to resolute, heavy selling in United States Steel preferred. It is rumored that the selling emanates from Pittsburg, and is based on expectations of a reduction in the seven per cent dividend. Considering the evidences of betterment in iron trade conditions, which, of late, have been multiplying rapidly, this pessimistic talk from Pittsburg seems surprising. Have trade reports been colored for deceptive purposes? It's not at all unlikely. However, let's not be too hasty in making uncharitable deductions solely on account of the operations of Pittsburg speculators. Some of these fellows were reputed substantial and confident purchasers of United States Steel common, when that unfortunate stock still sold at from 35 to 38. The exact financial position of the Steel Trust is difficult of determination. All that can be said with some degree of truth is that a continuance of the present rate of dividend on the preferred can be considered certain only in case of an increase in net earnings. Recent quarterly statements made it clear beyond dispute that the full dividend is not being earned at the present time. As a cut in the rate would have a most depressing effect on the entire market, the directors of the company, owing to the big interests they have at stake in various directions, will not declare themselves in favor of such a policy until the force and logic of things make it absolutely imperative.

Sterling exchange shows marked strength. Further gold shipments are considered probable by foreign bankers. It is intimated that London will soon appear as a customer in quest of large chunks of the precious metal. Paris banks are withdrawing gold from London. If these withdrawals should assume larger proportions, British financiers may, perhaps, endeavor to discontinue connection with this it must be remembered that the comparatively comfortable state of monetary affairs in Lombard street at the present time is due altogether to the fact that French and German banks have large sums to their credit in London. Recent liquidation, added substantially to these credits. German, French and Dutch investors have been selling formidable amounts of British consols in recent times. In the event of large withdrawals of Continental funds, London finan-

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ciers would unquestionably be placed in a somewhat perilous position. It is, therefore, no wonder that London is somewhat alarmed at the late turn in affairs. The appearance of the Russian and Japanese governments as borrowers in Paris, London and Berlin would complicate things still more.

Wheat crop conditions are reported more favorable as a result of recent rains. Still, it does not seem, at the present time, as if this year's winter wheat yield would "pan out" very well. From many sections of the Southwest come discouraging reports. However, a reduction of fifty or seventy million bushels from last year's returns could not be considered a calamity. From now on until the latter part of April, the Wall street farmer, the "captains of agriculture," will be unusually busy inquiring about crop conditions and basing their individual estimates on data obtained. Wall street prides itself upon its knowledge of agricultural affairs, in spite of the well-known fact that many of its notabilities do not self-conceit.

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know the difference between a wheat and oats field.

For the immediate future, the "scalping" trader should confine himself to small purchases on sudden declines of a point or two. The short side does not appear safe, owing to increasing manipulative activity. It is a market in which the experienced trader will have to act on his own good judgment. There is no broad, definite tendency observable in present day Wall street operations. This being the case, all pretension of superior knowledge on the part of a financial critic would savor of dishonest trifling and contemptible



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LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local bulls are striving heroically to work up a little boom of their own. Proceedings latterly have been slightly favoring their side. However, transactions are still woefully small and featureless. The demand for securities, is not such as to arouse enthusiasm among holders. The market is still suffering, occasionally, from liquidation by worn-out holders. The bond department is absolutely listless. Some improved inquiry is noted, though, in first-class municipal bonds. Local brokers are again devoting marked attention to this desirable class of investment issues.

St. Louis Transit has scored another feeble rally. It is now going at 12 3/8. The demand is not much to boast of, however. It is mostly the small fellows who continue to purchase this stock. Insiders are thought to be determined in bringing about a further advance in quotations. United Railways preferred is going at 55 1/2 and 56. The stock fluctuates nervously, and, at times, decisively. The 4 per cent bonds are higher, sales being made at 79 3/8.

Dullness still reigns supreme in trust company and bank issues. Commerce is being offered at 300, with bids at about 290; Third National is steady, with 288 bid; in Lincoln Trust some good support is visible. At present prices the stock is, no doubt, a tempting purchase. The last sale was made at 187 1/2. Missouri Trust is offering at 114.

National Candy common is selling at 13. Missouri-Edison 5s are quiet at 97 3/4. St. Louis Brewing 6s are quoted at 94 1/2 bid.

Bank clearances still show gains from week to week. Money is in fair demand at 5 and 5 1/2 per cent for time and call loans, against good collateral. Sterling exchange is higher; the last quotation being \$4.87 1/2.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

G. G. J., Sedalia, Mo.—No cut in Missouri Pacific dividends likely this year. Would recommend holding stock. St. Paul should work higher. Bonds mentioned not much of a bargain.

S. W.—Would not sell short at this time. Manipulators working for a rise. Conditions temporarily in favor of bulls. Great caution necessary, however.

R. E. W., Pittsburg, Kan.—Would advise keeping out of Mexican Railroad shares. Their future doubtful owing to nationalizing plans of Mexican government.

H. H. L., Logansport, Ind.—Better hang on to your Atchison common. Good chance for you to get out even. No increase in Big Four dividend to be looked for. Recent earnings been disappointing.

W. O.—Good reason to believe that dividends on Southern Pacific are not very far off. Most of extraordinary expenditures been stopped.

J. F.—Stock mentioned not listed. Personnel of directorate not very good. If stock were such a good thing as you seem to think it is, bonds would be selling at 90 at least.

"Empire," Albany, N. Y.—Would prefer Union Pacific common for long pull. Consider it promising investment, owing to splendid Southern Pacific equities.

DISPOSITION IN HER FACE

Read a girl's face under its varying emotions and you can read her disposition.

The laughing face is generally the sympathetic face also. The woman who laughs readily is the woman whose nature is responsive. The woman who does not laugh naturally is rarely responsive to any of the emotions that sway our lives.

The laugh must be spontaneous and have the ring of merriment that is contagious.

Even to see some people laugh is mirth-provoking and we laugh in unison, scarcely knowing why.

The maid who has thoughtful moods is far different from her who indulges moody thoughts. One is kind, considerate and thoughtful of others, the other selfish and inclined to fancy herself full of grievances. The creature of moods is rarely considerate of any save herself.

The man who undertakes to love the moody maid is hunting for trouble, and the kind of trouble he will find will give him a few shocks and teach him the use of forcible language, if he has not already mastered a vocabulary and kept it exercised.

He will never know how, or when, or by what means to please her, and just at the time when he flatters himself that he is doing something beautiful the chances are she will fly into a fit of sulks, and the poor man will think a fire hose has been turned on him, or some other cold water display is getting in its fine work.

Oh, the moody sweetheart is a delight. If you don't mind cold douches!

The pouting maid is as variable as the April of sunshine and showers.

She cultivates a habit of pouting until you can never feel sure whether she is pleased or not. She is of the weather vane fraternity, and the man who undertakes to love her has a large and unsatisfactory contract on his hands. If he succeeds in pleasing her he is a genius, but if she don't drive him to drink it's because he hasn't the price or some equally potent reason.

The most aggravating phase of the pouting maid is that she has no time limit. When a fit of sulks seizes her it is apt to become chronic. Sometimes it is intermittent, but even the duration of the spasm cannot be approximated.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mrs. Mason-Lodge (waking suddenly)—"Is that you, Henry? What time is it?" Mr. Mason-Lodge (comfortingly)—"Sh, dear! 'S mush earlier 'n us'yly is at this time, I 'sure you."—*Judge.*

How He Won Her: "You serpent!" hissed the fair but angry daughter of Eve. "You snake charmer!" retorted the wise son of Adam. Then she smiled, and, womanlike, forgave him.—*Chicago News.*

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The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

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With each and every purchase of a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it?

As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

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